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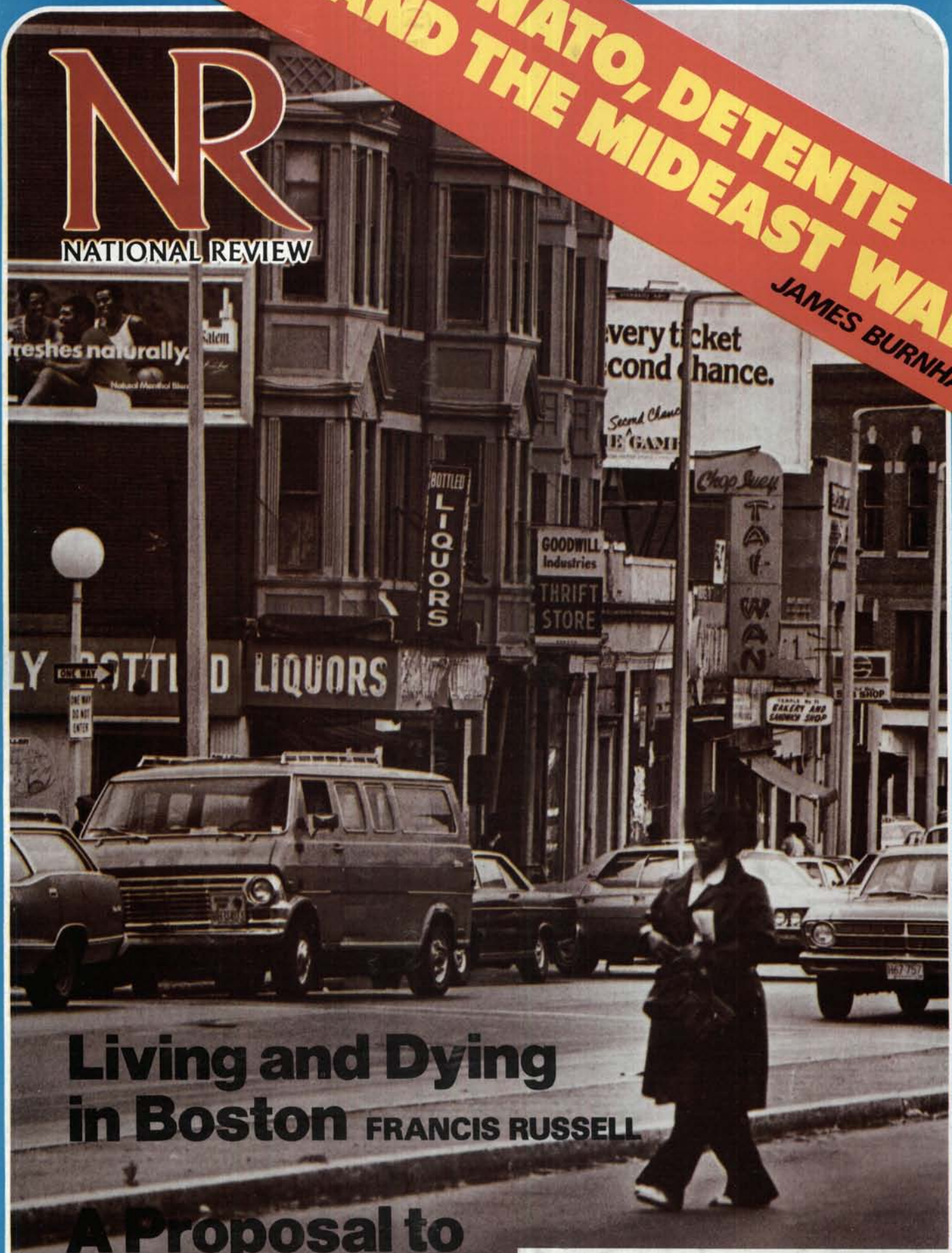
NOVEMBER 23, 1973

# NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

## NATO, DETENTE AND THE MIDEAST WAR
JAMES BURNHAM




## Living and Dying in Boston
FRANCIS RUSSELL

## A Proposal to Halt Inflation
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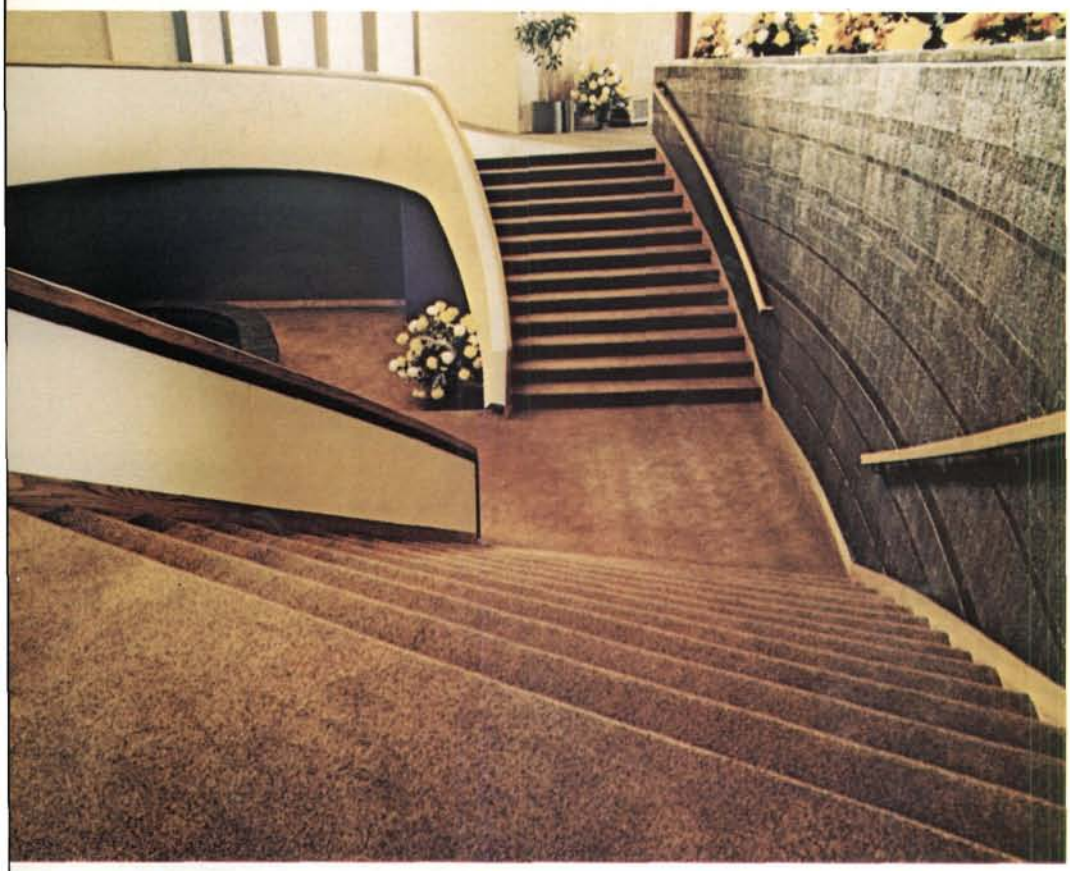

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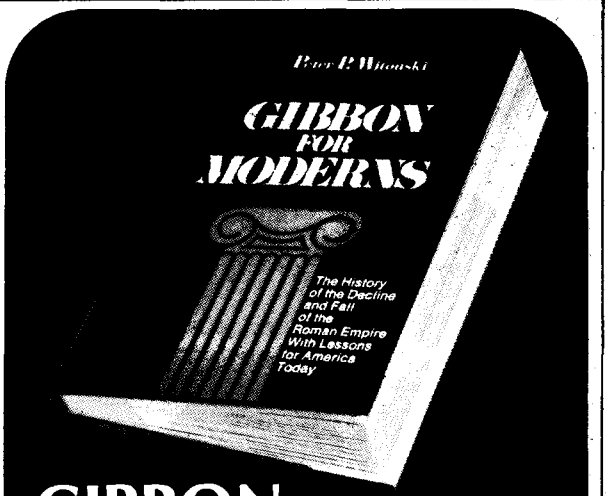
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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV, No. 47 NOVEMBER 23, 1973

## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **Francis Russell**, no stranger to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, tells why he no longer lives in Dorchester. In *The Unheavenly City* Edward Banfield presented a generalized account of the development of cities. Here Mr. Russell gives us the particulars concerning a part of Boston where he grew up. The accounts make interesting reading as a pair. Mr. Russell now lives not in Dorchester—you'll see why—but in Sandwich, Massachusetts in a three-hundred-year-old house, the resident beetles of which gnaw audibly to Mr. Russell as he lies in bed in the morning. . . . **Mildred Adams McLearn** is an amateur student of economics and is the widow of Frank McLearn, the president of King Features. . . . Three more or less regular columns: by Professor **Niemeyer**, *NR*'s longtime friend but newest columnist; by **Wm. F. Rickenbacker**, who offers a lesson on monopolies to students whose professors need lessons on monopolies (several, we suspect) and to citizens who are curious about the imputed sins of IBM and ITT; and by **Russell Kirk**—a glimpse of a portrait of Robert Frost by Dr. Peter Stanlis. . . . **Keith Mano** has been to a post-antiwar rally, starring Jane Fonda, whose number Mr. Mano's got. This month Mr. Mano has articles appearing in *Sports Illustrated* and a couple of other magazines of wide exposure on, among other things, cannibalism and the Disney organization. . . . **Gary Jay Williams** has some good and some bad words about Washington's Kennedy Center, what's left of it after the dilapidation by acquisitive turistas. . . . *NR*'s totally charming Managing Editor **Priscilla Buckley** gives a charming account of a voyage she made through Old England last summer averaging a speed of something less than four miles per hour. Not much like her last journey, on, in, under, through, across (and sometimes *circum*) water, down the Colorado River, details of which were furnished last July to readers of *Cosmopolitan*.

Professor **Harry Jaffa** of Claremont Men's College, California, recently debated Professor Alexander Bickel of Yale in these pages on the legality of the Vietnam war. Here he reviews the third volume in the biography of Winston Churchill. . . . **Stephen Brauth** reviews another book on marijuana, must reading for those who want to keep up with the debate. —DO


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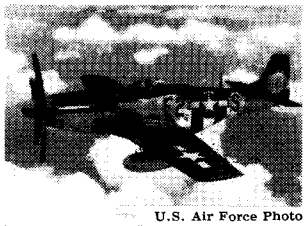

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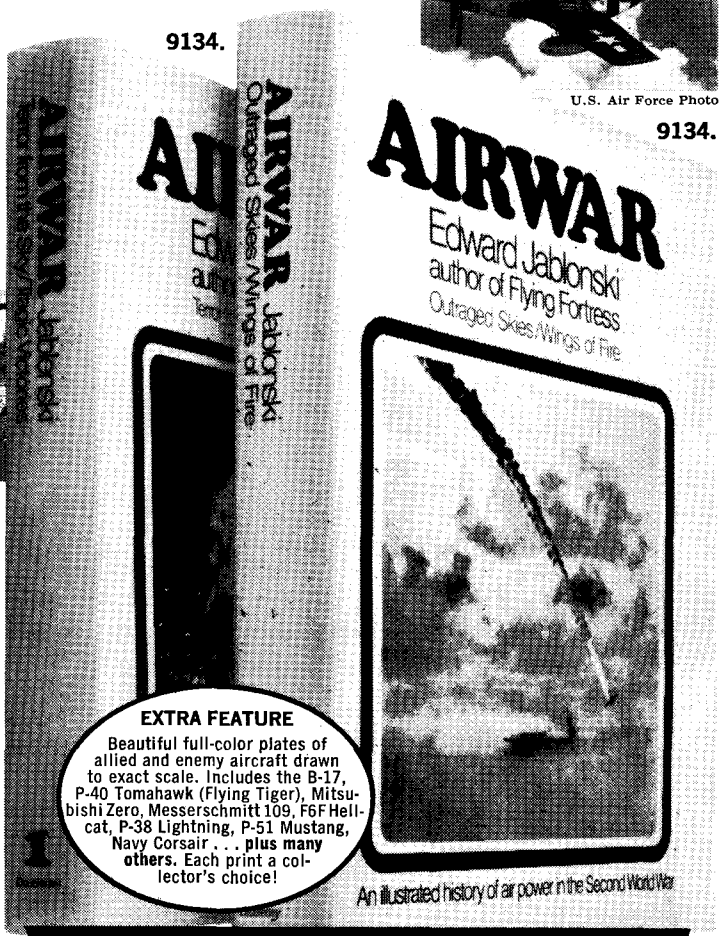
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# Letters

## Less, Not More

Congratulations to Walter Berns for "The 'Essential Soul' of Dan Berrigan" [Nov. 9]. I knew Dan Berrigan was bad, but now I also know he's egotistical and trite. It is, however, unsettling to learn that the Che- and Buddha-freak won the Thomas More medal for the "most distinguished contribution to Catholic literature in 1971."

*Providence, R.I.* PAUL POPE

I too saw Dan Berrigan's play, about which Clive Barnes, the *New York Times*' drama critic, wrote: "Like so many courtroom dramas, it makes a positively riveting play." It didn't. He was wrong. It was a second-rate affair, notwithstanding the atmosphere of the sanctuary of the church wherein it was given. Professor Berns's portrait of Berrigan and his critique of the play are accurate, and devastating. And enormously readable.

*New York, N.Y.* DANIEL STONEWATER

Walter Berns's "The 'Essential Soul' of Dan Berrigan" was terrific. I've wanted to read such a history of his career for a long time. The part I liked best, because I had never seen it reported anywhere else, was the incident at Cornell when Father Dan was chased around the room by the man on crutches. It couldn't happen to a more deserving guru.

*New York, N.Y.* ELSIE MCGREGOR

## Zimbabwe: Challenge . . .

Your contributor, Mr. Anthony Harrigan, states that Zimbabwe is of Sabaean origin and that the Zimbabwean "colony civilization" was influenced also by India and China ["Zimbabwe and the Arabs," Oct. 12]. This interpretation, recently elaborated by R. Gayre, is not, however, widely accepted by other scholars. For instance, the *Guide to the Zimbabwe Ruins*, recently issued under the auspices of the Rhodesian government through the Rhodesian Historical Monuments Commission, provides a different point of view. P. S. Garlake, an archaeologist, states that the complex was built by local people with a later Iron Age culture. C. K. Cooke, the Chairman of the Historical Monuments Commission, cautiously concludes that the possibilities of foreign influence cannot be entirely discounted. But, he adds, "no imports of an early date have ever been discovered"; except for beads, Chinese ceramics, and a few pieces of Islamic glass, all of them trade goods, "nothing to suggest any foreign influence has ever been located."

LEWIS H. GANN
Senior Fellow
*Stanford, Calif.* Hoover Institution

## . . . Defense

As the author of a book on Rhodesia, Mr. Gann must be aware that the *Guide to the Zimbabwe Ruins* was published more than a decade ago, before significant carbon dating was done and important new research conducted. I am surprised, however, that Mr. Gann dismisses the Zimbabwe finds as "beads, Chinese ceramics, and a few pieces of Islamic glass, all of them trade goods." Professor Gayre's book, *The Origin of the Zimbabwean Civilization*, contains superb photographs showing thin sheets of gold, gold ornaments, Indian hemp pipes, and other important objects. I have viewed these extensive materials, as have many other visitors to the site. Moreover, the Bulawayo Museum has in its collection mining tools with names of Persian origin inscribed on them. Even Mr. Peter Garlake of the University of Nigeria, who is cited by Mr. Gann, admits that there are ancient burials in Rhodesia that are not African. The evidence of a West Asian presence at Zimbabwe is extensive and well documented and cannot be easily explained away as the work of "local people," especially when carbon dating shows that the supposed Bantu builders—the Garlake thesis—weren't in that part of Africa when Zimbabwe was built. Finally, there is nothing like Zimbabwe elsewhere in Africa, whereas a very similar structure is to be found at Marib in Yemen.

*Charleston, S.C.* ANTHONY HARRIGAN

## A CIA in His Past

With reference to "There's a CIA in Your Future" by Miles Copeland [Oct. 26], I would like to qualify Mr. Copeland's statement, "The suggestion that the CIA might pick out some clever young Westerner, teach him perfect Russian, drill him in continental mannerisms, and send him off to insinuate himself into a job in the

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Kremlin has always been a fiction. The CIA has rarely, if ever, employed American citizens as agents."

I know that although it may be rarely, it is not never. As an Army first lieutenant, Intelligence, I caught what was probably the first CIA spy to be so embarrassed, in September 1948. He was a U.S. citizen and a genius—and he fooled my headquarters and my colonel.

It is discussed in my book, which I hope gets published by spring.

VINCENT W. ALLEN

*Melbourne Beach, Fla.*

## Correction

Agnew's position that the Eastern Establishment media have a distorted view of the rest of the country is apparently true.

"For the Record" [Oct. 26] credits Illinois, instead of Ohio, with the contest between John Glenn (who used to fly spaceships) and Governor John Gilligan (who currently is seeing spaceships). Illinois has enough problems without being blamed for these two lunartics.

*Roscoe, Ill.* GARY W. BAUER

## Mano: Reactions

How precious of D. Keith Mano to assume that layered interment is somehow a typically made-in-U.S.A. process, and that overpopulated Europeans have not understood for centuries the pragmatics of this procedure ["Burials—II," Aug. 17]. How precious, too, to assume that his atoms somehow escape the refurbishment process through burial in a cubbyhole. Delayed perhaps, but in the eternal scheme of things, hardly a millisecond.

The snob appeal, the advertising idiocy, is indeed offensive as hell. But fly over any U.S. city today, observe the endless square miles devoted to Mr. Mano's "civilized" American way of death. Note the overcrowding, the inadequate space for the living who dwell on the peripheries of Mr. Mano's deceased-atom farms.

Pile 'em up, I say. Pile 'em high. Better still, send Mr. Mano and all the rest of us on our integrating passage via mandatory cremation, and leave the diminishing spaces to the survivors.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.* ARTHUR W. COWLES

I agree with Mr. Mano on the reasons behind the so-called gasoline shortages ["The Service Station," Aug. 31].

I also agree that the disappearance of our neighborhood service stations is taking away from Americans an experience that cannot be replaced. We will miss meeting our neighbors to discuss the rising cost of living while drinking one of the coldest soda pops in town and at the same time trying to talk our friend, the owner, into letting us have something for nothing. We will also miss slipping into the restroom to read the latest graffiti and then being ashamed of it.

All this is now going out of our lives.

*Jackson, Miss.* LARRY C. WALLACE



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# "You have ruined my Volaille"

**How Dione Lucas (of Cordon Bleu fame) came to create the most remarkable knife in the world. A knife you can now own.**

**Not an inexpensive knife.**

I am told by my friends who pride their cooking, that this is just that—a remarkable knife that brings a new celebration to cooking. Its balance is such, its blade so acute, that with a small flick, you can pare fat from the shank of meat.

That, some remember, is exactly how gourmet great, Dione Lucas, came to create this remarkable knife.

Her recipe for Supreme de Volaille called for carefully removing all the fat from the tender meat.

A trace of fat would cause the sauce supreme to spot. "You have ruined my Volaille," she said. For no knife satisfied her with its truth of edge.

It is completely within the bounds of safety to say that once you own the Dione Lucas Gourmet Knife, you may never again have to purchase a knife for your kitchen.

In fact, that is the way we guarantee these remarkable knives. Should you ever need a replacement for any reason, simply return the knife, and a new knife will be sent to you, at no cost to you.

How can such confidence be placed in what would appear to be a simple knife?

A most special steel of molybdenum mix is used in the manufacture of the blade. This blade keeps its edge for life with simple honing.

Then there is the balance I spoke of. When you lift the knife, you will note it is lighter than an ordinary knife. This is because the knife is so perfectly balanced, that it does not need added weight to help it cut! This balance, in your hand, makes possible an accuracy of cut you have never before known. A certainty of cut quite unique in any cooking experience you may have had.

I make no pretense of low price for this knife. It is not, by any means, the world's most inexpensive knife set. Yet when you consider it as a lifetime investment, its value takes real meaning.

A set of 4 of these knives is $14.98.

Were it to be sold for less, the very qualities that make this knife so supreme, would have to be lessened.

And these knives have been subjected to extreme tests to assure their quality.

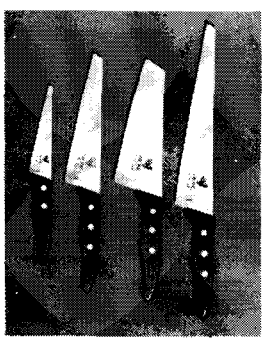
A one pound ball has been dropped on this from 6 feet to test the strength of the Rosewood handle.

A weight of 20 pounds was suspended on the blade to test its tensile strength.

A ham bone was used in extensive tests to determine the resistance of the blade to nicking.

In every case, the quality of this remarkable Dione Lucas knife stood firm.

There are four knives in the set. One of 8½" for vegetable paring. One of 11½" for the wafer thin slicing of bread and such. One of 14¼" for the carving of roasts. And a cleaver of 11" for the separation of chickens and such.



Because this is such a unique ownership, I am including with each set of these knives, four recipes of Cordon Bleu teacher, Dione Lucas, where the use of her knives is quite critical to the outcome of the recipe. (Including her recipe for Supreme de Volaille.)

Remember the truly unique guarantee: **You will never again need to purchase another kitchen knife once you own these.** Should you not be pleased when you see these knives, send them back and we will refund your money.

Save $5.00, regular price $19.98 . . . now $14.98.

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Please send me_____sets of original Dione Lucas Gourmet Knives for only $14.98 plus $1.00 for postage and handling for each set of four. I understand I have a complete money-back guarantee if I am not delighted.

(New York State residents, add appropriate sales tax, please.)

I enclose ☐ check for $_____ ☐ money order for $_____

or charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

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Interbank # (Master Charge only)_____

Signature_____

Name (print clearly)_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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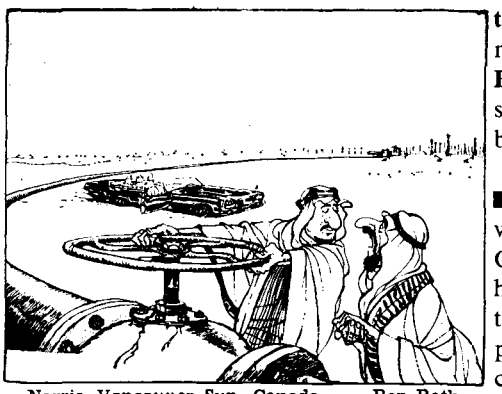
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Election '73: Among those hurt and helped: Philadelphia Attorney General **Arlen Specter**, who was being groomed by Republican regulars to run against Democratic Gov. **Milton Shapp** next year, probably won't make it. He lost his reelection race to Democrat **Emmett Fitzpatrick** and that, in turn, makes it more probable that Mayor **Frank Rizzo** may switch parties and take on Shapp. . . . In Minneapolis, law-and-order candidate **Charles Stenvig**, the former policeman who was elected mayor two terms back, lost to a liberal Democrat, **Albert Hofstede**; liberal Democrats swept eleven of 13 City Council seats and generally took back control of city. . . . In Cleveland, Republican **Ralph Perk** won reelection handily and the pols are talking about his senatorial prospects. Situation is mighty complicated in Ohio with Republican Sen. **William Saxbe** probably to be confirmed as Attorney General, which means Gov. **John Gilligan**, a Democrat, will probably appoint his buddy, left millionaire **Howard Metzenbaum**, to the Saxbe seat, which means that whoever the Republicans put up will be running against an incumbent. Which is why Rep. **Clarence Brown Jr.** (R.) is acting less anxious about the senatorial nomination than he was a couple of weeks back and **John Glenn**, Democrat, is feeling more left out in the cold than ever. He was hoping to fight Metzenbaum for the nomination. . . . It wasn't much help, but **John Connally** did his duty. He campaigned in New York City for **John Marchi**, who lost badly, and in New Jersey for Rep. **Charles Sandman** who ditto ditto. . . . **Barry Goldwater** is, in turn, doing his duty by new party regular Connally. He'll be guest speaker at a $100 a plate Welcome John Connally dinner Texas Republicans will be giving Connally in Dallas on Dec. 13. . . . Texas Gov. **Dolph Briscoe**, incidentally, is touting Democratic Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** for the Democratic presidential nomination. He tossed a big dinner for him a couple of weeks back ($200 a head) and had **Hubert Humphrey** as his guest speaker. . . . And the *New York Times*, which endorsed **McGovern**, bombed again in its endorsement of Liberal mayoral candidate **Al Blumenthal**. He ran fourth and last, with 15 per cent of the vote.



Norris, *Vancouver Sun*, Canada Ben Roth

**"Just thought of something . . . if we double the price and cut it off, we'll be losing twice as much. . . ."**

■ The far left (Communist, Trotskyist, Maoist) press doesn't want **Richard Nixon** to resign: It wants to see him impeached. *Militant* (Trotskyist) is selling buttons designed by cartoonist **Jules Feiffer** of Nixon with "Inoperative" stamped over his face. . . . According to **Evans & Novak**, AFL-CIO lobbyists in Washington are busy pushing for impeachment. . . . Key speakers at large San Francisco impeachment rally last week were Congressmen **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.) and **Andrew Young** (D., Ga.), both members of the congressional Black Caucus. Young, more moderate than some other Caucusites, was not on question of Nixon. "Once the Republicans realize they will be running next year on 'a scandal-of-the-month ticket,' " he told a cheering audience, "they will tell their party 'No, baby, we've been loyal long enough.' " . . . Comment of Sen. **Stuart Symington** (D., Mo.) when he heard of the missing tapes: "As [former Senator] **Bob Kerr** used to say, 'I thought I had seen and heard everything and I've been to the Dallas fair twice.' "

■ Right in motion: **Howard Phillips**, who was fired for trying to dismember OEO, has signed on with the ACU, will head Public Monitor, a lobby devoted to looking into abuses by bureaucrats, particularly lobbying by groups that receive federal money. . . . **Edward Fitzgerald**, the Pentagon official who was fired for charging major cost overruns on the C-5A cargo plane (the plane, incidentally, that was used to airlift supplies to Israel), is heading the National Taxpayers Union, which will track down waste in government. Directors of NTU include **Henry Hazlitt**, **Murray Rothbard**, **Robert Kephart** (publisher of *Human Events*). . . . Change of guard at YAF. Executive Director **Wayne Thorburn** is leaving to get PhD in political science at U. of Maryland; he'll be replaced by YAF National Treasurer, former Pennsylvania State Chairman **Frank Donatelli**. . . . And at **Harvard** 20 per cent of the freshman class has signed up with the Young Republican Club, which makes the HYRC Harvard's largest political club (in 1969 it had 35 members).

■ On the scarcity front: **Denmark** has informed its NATO allies that it will be BYOG (bring your own gas) at the combined land, sea, and air maneuvers this week. . . . In **California**, they're repainting the speed limit signs for state highways to read 65 instead of 70; in **Oregon**, Gov. Tom McCall is asking private schools in the state to close from Dec. 14 to Jan. 14 as a heat conservation measure. . . . And in **bella Italia**, the wheat shortage has reached such a point that export even to its Common Market partners of spaghetti and other pasta *è vietato*!



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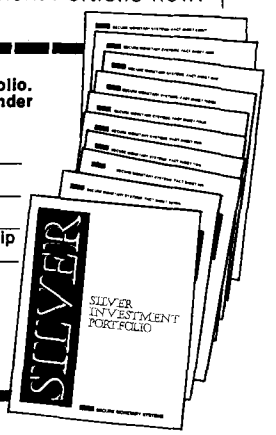


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# THE WEEK

■ The current Administration has given a new meaning to the term "unimpeachable source."

■ Unemployment averaged 5.64 per cent in the 16 months of Phases I & II, compared to 5.68 per cent in the 16 months before controls. In October, the unemployment rate finally dropped sharply to 4.5 per cent, though, for the purpose of excusing deficits, "full employment" is still defined as a 4 per cent rate. There is supposedly a tight relationship between rising inflation and declining unemployment (the "Phillips Curve"), yet the unemployment rate has dropped by only 1 per cent in the past year, while the annual rate of inflation of consumer prices rose from about 3.5 to 10 per cent. Inflation is no lasting cure for unemployment, since it works only by temporarily fooling people into accepting lower real wages and interest earnings, and by making alternatives to labor income (welfare, unemployment benefits) less attractive. The only lasting solution is to improve the relative attractiveness of work versus leisure, and to eliminate such institutional barriers to employment as minimum wage laws, union restrictions, and most occupational licensing.

■ In 1970, Karleton Armstrong planted a bomb in the University of Wisconsin's Army Mathematics Research Center. It killed a man. Armstrong was finally caught, and recently pleaded guilty to second degree murder. His attorney, who (in case you haven't guessed) was William Kunstler, managed to delay sentencing until forty "witnesses" (none of whom had known either Armstrong or the dead man) had come to town to speak of the anguish, the despair, the rage, the frustration, the idealism that had driven him to his act: Dan Ellsberg; Tony Russo; ex-Senator Ernest Gruening (who, though 86, came all the way from Alaska); revisionist historian Gabriel Kolko (who made light of the "unanticipated consequences" of bombs); Phil ("Higher Law") Berrigan; and many, many more. When it was over, the judge gave Armstrong up to 23 years—about what the prosecution had asked for. And a *New York Times* headline said it all: "Peace Activists Defend Bombing."

■ With its customary panache, the UN General Assembly has voted 93 to 7 to recognize Guinea-Bissau, née Portuguese Guinea (never mind that the Soviet-backed liberation movement holds only a fraction of the country and a much smaller fraction of the population), and to condemn Portuguese aggression. The resolution is unlikely to get through the Security Council—the U.S., with its veto power, is very grateful to Portugal these days for its help during the latest round of the Arab-Israeli war—but still, Guinea-Bissau now has its stamp of Third World approval. The United States was joined in voting no by Brazil, Greece, Portugal, South Africa, and Britain; the thirty abstainers included all the other Western European nations and, ironically, Israel, which could quite possibly itself be wiped out of UN existence by a future vote recognizing a Palestine Republic. Among the sponsors of the resolution, which began by "recognizing the inalienable right of all peoples to self-determination and independence in accordance with the principles of the Charter of the United Nations . . . ," were, as is usual with such resolutions, the delegates of the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic and the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic and, naturally, Czechoslovakia.

■ The London *Times* of September 26 published an editorial, "Principles of Detente," which included perhaps the most lucid, incisive, and realistic sentences written lately on the relation of domestic to foreign policy: "If the Soviet Union shows no interest in truly balanced force reductions in Central Europe, it must be assumed either that her intentions are not pacific, or that she does not intend to allow Eastern Europe the sort of system that can dispense with Soviet policemen. If she systematically denies basic human rights to her own citizens, it must be assumed that she would try to deny them to citizens of any other countries over which she was able to extend her influence."

■ Lords and Ladies at play: From the proceedings of the November 2 session of Britain's House of Lords: "LADY SUMMERSKILL (Lab) said the Church had decided to highlight its traditional discrimination against women by coercing Princess Anne to promise to obey by using the wedding service from the Book of Common

## They All Love Barry Now

They call him "elder statesman"—they who said
He's trigger-happy, back in '64.
His quotes are copied; what he writes is read.
They listen to him on or off the floor.
Indeed, if Barry hollered "All ashore!"
Conservatives would be the first to dash.
(My eyes are peeled to catch his semaphore
So I can hit the water with a splash.)
Remember when they penciled a mustache,
Like Hitler's, just above the famous grin?
Tom Wicker used to picture him as rash;
The *New York Times* equated him with sin.
It's really creepy when the likes of these
Find Barry is a fellow who can please.

W. H. VON DREELE



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Prayer of 1662 which the Dean of Westminster, very much on the defensive when challenged, said was the only form of wedding service legally prescribed by the Church. I admire Princess Anne's physical courage and I hold my breath when I see her take those fences, but I regret that she was not encouraged to defy this anachronism imposed by the established Church on women. One definition of obey in the Oxford Dictionary is to do what one is commanded to do. Princess Anne holds the rank of colonel. What if Captain Phillips commands her to obey? Would that constitute a threat to discipline at Sandhurst? (Laughter.) What if other captains followed this example and started demanding obedience from their colonels?"

■ In a world that is getting a little better every day in every way, it is a distinct pleasure to note that in the recent Turkish elections the National Salvation Party picked up 49 seats on a platform of covering up girls in bikinis and allowing every man four wives.

■ In Chester, England Mrs. Patricia Southall had a terrible craving for fresh salmon one night just before her baby was born. Her husband Gordon hurried out into the night, found a boat, went fishing, and managed to kill a twelve-pound salmon. He was fined $100 for poaching.

■ As if you didn't know: "About 76 per cent of the college students in the United States hold either consistently anti-free-market beliefs or philosophically contradictory beliefs about government and freedom." This is the conclusion of the Campus Studies Institute of World Research, Inc., which recently polled 39,705 students and professors (of whom more than a third responded) in order to ascertain their views about freedom and the free market. Thirty-eight per cent blame the country's serious problems on "excess profits"; over half think the duties of government include that of promoting the individual's welfare (as distinct from protecting him from the aggressions of others); more than two-thirds think government must intervene to correct economic and social "inequities." Yet 80 per cent think the government has no right to interfere with a person's actions ("moral or immoral") as long as they don't harm others. Got that? As the Institute's report summarizes it, "Students do not want government interference in *their* personal lives, but they do not object to government interference in *other people's* personal lives."

■ Lord, Lord, the things they were saying about the Supreme Court's obscenity ruling! Remember? We were in for "repression," "raids on libraries," a return to various benighted centuries during which consenting adults were forbidden to behold Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice & Fido in their lascivious knottings. Poor Linda Lovelace was going to starve; Norman Mailer's books would be scarred with unsightly dashes. Talk-show

**"We've got him! We've got him cold! He double-parked in Ann Arbor in 1951."**

guests lisped their alarm, and their indignation, and their grief for the creativity that would be smothered by little old inquisitors in tennis shoes. By - - -, it was going to be more than flesh (and less than the market) could bear. That was four months ago. Now, the *Times* tells us, "Film Pornography Flourishes Despite Court Ruling," which is about the way we figured it. Moral: Pornographers don't have to worry about contemporary community standards where there aren't any.

■ Unconfirmed rumor: President Nixon has been sending in plays to the New York Giants.

# Deliberate Sense

Following the "Saturday Night Massacre" of Cox, Richardson, and Ruckelshaus, the White House was inundated by a "firestorm" of indignation (the figure employed by General Alexander Haig). The subsequent fortnight brought demands from a variety of sources that the President resign: *Time*, the *New York Times*, Sen. Edward Brooke, the *Boston Globe*, all eight Ivy League dailies, the leadership of the AFL-CIO, and many others.

There can be little doubt that at the present time support for the President has undergone massive erosion. It is possible that, as Senator Goldwater speculated, he has passed the point of possible recovery. Nevertheless, at the present juncture, it is well to keep in mind that the Constitution established a system of government in which major decisions of state are to be made on the basis of the "deliberate sense" of the people. Major decisions were emphatically not to be made by temporary majorities, no matter how inflamed and no matter how large. In our constitutional system, a series of buffers—a bicameral legislature, staggered elections, the



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Everybody likes former Deputy Secretary of State, former Secretary of Health Education and Welfare, former Secretary of Defense, former Attorney General Elliot Richardson, but no one can figure out what he can do now. He can hardly rejoin the Nixon Administration—not that he would want to, and not because he and the President are all that unhappy with each other, but, well, it just wouldn't be seemly for a victim of the so-called "Saturday Night Massacre" to recuperate so fast. He can return to Massachusetts, but there are no offices open for him to seek. The governor is a liberal Republican, Francis Sargent. One senator, Edward Brooke, is a liberal Republican and, anyway, he won reelection last year. The other seat is held by a Democrat, but his seat is not up until 1976. If the Democrat runs for something else, then Richardson can take a shot at his seat.

■ In an Administration not known for plain speaking, the plainest speaking is done by someone who is not actually in the Administration—Mrs. Julie Eisenhower. Says she in response to one charge that surfaced recently: Daddy is "too smart to get involved in any dumb land deals."

■ More on the stubborn nonemergence of the Emerging Republican Majority. Pollster Lou Harris reports that the Democrats now have a 22 percentage point lead (53 to 31 per cent) in response to this question: "In the election next year in 1974, for Congress here in your district, if you had to decide right now, would you vote for the Republican or Democratic candidate for Congress?" This Democratic margin is the biggest in a decade, surpassing even results in 1964, the year of the last Democratic landslide. Last year, with a Republican President riding high, the gap closed to twelve percentage points (56 to 44 per cent).

■ Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, who gave up his Minnesota seat in 1970, has given up his editing position at Simon and Schuster in New York, and is now giving some attention to the possibility of running for Congress from Minnesota's sixth district, but about this, as about politics in general, he maintains an engagingly relaxed attitude. The odds are he will stay out of politics.

■ Can a man run for President by spoiling Sunday morning brunch for large numbers of Americans? Senator Henry Jackson seems determined to find out. He is a frequent guest on the Sunday morning interview shows (*Meet the Press*, *Face the Nation*, *Issues and Answers*) and in his most recent appearance he casually announced that the last boat of Mideast oil had set sail for the U.S. and that detente has fallen apart to the extent that, for the first time in history, the Soviet Union has infantry on board ships in the eastern Mediterranean. And speaking of ships, he said, did you know that the Soviet Union now has 25 per cent more ships there than it had at the peak of the latest crisis? All that he says is true. What is novel is that a candidate for President persists in delivering bad news. Gambler Jimmy the Greek says it is 5 to 2 on Senator Kennedy for the 1976 Democratic nomination, 3 to 1 on Jackson.

■ The public school lobby—teachers, administrators, hangers-on—is one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington, far more powerful at actually producing votes than (say) the oil lobby is. But this is a *public* school lobby, and its interests do not coincide with the interests of parochial and other private schools. In fact, they often conflict. This is because the more tax money—and especially federal tax money—is available for public schools, the harder it is for private schools to compete, in terms of either teachers' salaries or facilities. But in recent years actions taken at the federal level—especially court actions banning prayers and favoring forced busing to achieve racial balance—have increased interest in private schools. Thus it is taken as a significant sign here that the private schools have formed their own independent lobby. This lobby, the Council for American Private Education, pledges that it will not seek public financing for the schools it represents, which contain 95 per cent of the nation's five million private school students. The Council members educate 10 per cent of the nation's children and primarily want federal policies that will not jeopardize the survival of private schools.

■ No, it doesn't just seem that way. It really is true. Justice William Douglas has been on the Supreme Court . . . well, almost since the Dred Scott decision. He recently eclipsed the old service record (34 years and 196 days). He is determined to stay on for another 34 years and 196 days, or until Mr. Nixon leaves office—whichever comes first.

—CATO

---

veto, judicial review, etc.—exists to ensure that temporary majorities should not precipitate major change.

For the President to resign merely because of a "firestorm" of indignation, because of a wave of telegrams, because of a spate of editorials, or because of low standing in the polls, would be to violate the spirit of our system.

"Mr. Nixon," observed the *Wall Street Journal* in a lead editorial, "is drowning in a sea of unproved charges. The moment he starts to address one of them, his answers are swept away by another." The electronic communications of the Age of McLuhan press hard upon the "deliberate sense" philosophy that is the core of the old Constitution.

At the present time there is circulating in the House Judiciary Committee a kind of checklist or bill of particulars consisting of 22 allegations against President Nixon. It is a very mixed collection. It includes the familiar Watergate items, but also problematic items on which constitutional experts disagree, such as the Cambodia bombing and the impoundment of funds. It includes trivia. But it also includes serious and specific charges which ought to be subject to proof or disproof: that he accepted a bribe in return for quashing the ITT prosecution; that he accepted a bribe in connection with the milk deal; that he accepted a bribe in connection with the Vesco case; that he made illegal use of public funds for unnecessary improvements to private residential homes (sic); that he concealed cash emoluments; that he is guilty of tax evasion.



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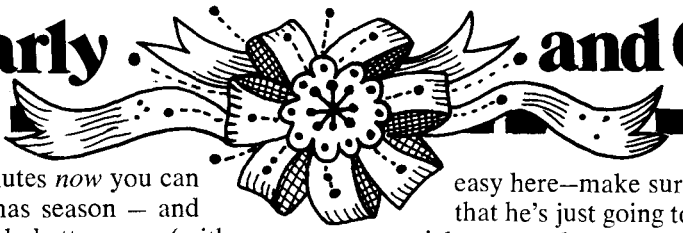

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The House now has the constitutional obligation of examining these allegations and reaching a determination. The Constitution imposes that obligation upon the Third, not the Fourth, Estate. The President also has the obligation—if he is to survive—of full disclosure of all pertinent records.

In due course, the deliberate sense of the nation will express itself, in the light of the facts. That deliberate sense will surely be reflected in the Congress. It might convict or acquit. Or the process might be aborted by the sober realization at some point, by both Mr. Nixon and the nation, that he had to leave. But under our system such decisions are not made in the mood of mob frenzy, even if the leaders of the mob reside in editorial offices or network executive suites.

# Welcome, Gerald Ford

Congress finally pulled itself together, and now seems ready to carry out, with what for Congress is reasonable speed, its constitutional responsibility to confirm a new Vice President and thus fill a gap in the line of succession that is presently critical because of a) control of the House by the party that lost the presidential election by a landslide, and b) the beleaguered state of the Presidency. There is something rather shabby, though perhaps understandable, in the Watergate ambience, in the way the examiners pursue their public questions into the minutiae of the nominee's private life and affairs. Or rather, there might have been something shabby if Gerald Ford had not been conducting himself with a judgment and taste that have roused the admiration even of such Republican-shy observers as the *Washington Post*'s David S. Broder, who commented in his November 7 column:

"Ford's conscientious preparation, his evident cooperativeness, and his candor are making his confirmation hearings an occasion in which the country can not only learn something of the character of its new Vice President but relearn the value of one of its oldest traditions —the tradition of civility.

"Ford's second sentence to the Senate Rules Committee was: 'I feel that I am among friends.' That is a rather remarkable thing for the Republican leader of the House to say to a committee of the Democratic Congress, which is not only sitting in judgment on him but is taking preliminary steps to remove from office the Republican President who appointed him. But it is a statement that springs naturally to Ford, who operates, under any circumstances, in a tradition of civility, of mutual accommodations, of respect for persons and institutions."

Few of the initial comments on the President's nomination of Representative Ford were flatly adverse, but many of them considerably underestimated, we believe, Gerald Ford's talents, personality, and experience. At the University of Michigan his performances as student and as athlete were equally outstanding, and he went on to Yale for his law degree. He was tested and matured by four years as a naval aviation operations officer, two of them on a carrier in the Pacific, and it was in this way that his education in military and foreign affairs, and in problems of organization, began. When he won his House seat in 1948 and determined to make politics his life work, his constituents showed the judgment they made of his qualifications by returning him at every election since, no matter what the swings on a national scale. In 1965 he openly declared his aim of becoming Republican leader in the House, and by a hard, fair fight he deposed Charles A. Halleck. He is a thoroughly grounded expert in military matters, and his long membership on the Military Affairs Committee has necessarily brought him into close touch with global political as well as strategic and military problems. In his intimate acquaintance with domestic problems and legislation, he has shown himself responsible, generally conservative without being doctrinaire, and prepared to make the honorable compromises without which a democratic republic cannot successfully function. He is literate—he actually reads and studies books. And his years at the center of the infinitely complex congressional maze have given him an incomparable chance to study men, the beginning of all wisdom, and particularly of political wisdom.

# Election Day

1. *New York*. Call this one the Revolt against Manhattan. Three of the four main candidates came from other boroughs, with the winner, Abe Beame, from the distant reaches of Brooklyn. The farthest left of the contenders, Al Blumenthal of Manhattan, who had the backing of the *Times*, received about 15 per cent of the vote and was the first to concede defeat. The wits had diagnosed this one correctly over a year ago: After the Lindsay years the next mayor, of necessity, would be short, would be a non-WASP, would not be chic, would not come from Manhattan, and would not have gone to Yale. Abe Beame came in with a landslide 60 per cent of the vote and is expected to bring back a bit of common sense to City Hall. Losing: an expensive and complex transportation bond proposal backed by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, perceived by upstate voters as a tricky way of financing City mass transit needs at their expense.

2. *California*. Call this one a disaster, the moral of which may be: Thou shalt not propose five-thousand-word constitutional amendments. Governor Ronald Reagan's Proposition One, the tax-limiting amendment, lost in a bitter, contentious struggle. In essence, the amendment would have prevented the further expansion of the public sector, our leading growth item, by putting a ceiling on the tax bite. In our judgment, the defeat of the amendment does not mean the public desires higher and higher taxes. Opponents used the complexity



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of Reagan's proposal to stimulate doubts and fears. State employees, naturally, led a vociferous campaign against it. Still to be settled: Whether and/or how far the public sector will continue to expand. Look for Governor Reagan's article, in the next issue of *NR*: "Reflections on the Failure of Proposition One."

3. *Virginia.* Since approximately 1866, liberals have been predicting the emergence of a New South, i.e., a liberal one. The need is now exigent, since the South in recent years has been increasingly Republican. This season the big liberal hope was Henry Howell, a first-rate campaigner, populist in style, and an agile performer who both seemed and seemed not to support George McGovern in 1972. Virginia is close to the Washington disaster area; this is not supposed to be a Republican year; but Howell was crunched by conservative Republican Mills Godwin. The New South will have to wait.

4. *New Jersey.* "Brendan T. Byrne, the Democratic candidate, won an overwhelming victory in yesterday's gubernatorial election in New Jersey, defeating Representative Charles W. Sandman Jr., the conservative Republican candidate who had sought to reconstitute President Nixon's silent majority. . . . As usually Republican areas fell to the Democrats, some Republicans began blaming President Nixon for their defeat." Thus the *Times* reports/interprets the election, ah so satisfying. Also worth mentioning: Sandman's defeat of Governor William Cahill in the July primary split the party, and Sandman never succeeded in repairing the damage; in any case, the Cahill administration had been rocked by recurrent scandal; and Brendan Byrne, a former judge and county prosecutor, effectively projected a law-and-order clean-government image. He will have his work cut out for him. New Jersey may be the most Augean of our fifty stables.

# Triple Threat

The Vietnam peace, of which President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger are fond of reminding us, has worked fairly well on American soil but doesn't look too encouraging in Vietnam. Recently released statistics show that about 50,000 South Vietnamese have died in combat during the past year, an amount of the same order as during what was referred to as the Vietnam war. Since the ceasefire last January, the North Vietnamese have infiltrated nearly 200,000 troops and 750 Soviet tanks into their section of South Vietnam, have completed a north-south supply route giving direct access for North Vietnam to the entire western strip of South Vietnam that North Vietnam controls, and have built or repaired chains of both supply dumps and airfields. The North Vietnamese air force is considerably expanded, with a large number of Soviet MiGs that are superior in performance to the American aircraft the South Vietnamese possess.

Strategists who think in global terms see this Vietnam buildup as one sector of a triple threat now being mounted by the Soviet Union. The second sector is, of course, the Mideast. *Aviation Week* reports that a batch of Soviet single stage Scud missiles were shipped September 12 from a Black Sea port, and are now deployed east of Cairo, from where they could reach the Israeli population centers; they are armed with nuclear warheads. The third sector is nearer at hand: western Cuba. New heavy artillery has recently been placed on the Sierra Maestra mountains just above Guantanamo Bay and the adjacent U.S. naval base. Cuban patrol boats are being fitted to handle Soviet Styx antiship missiles, an earlier version of which accounted for an Israeli destroyer in the 1967 war.

# And the Mideast

*Q.* Why isn't it just this easy: Let the Arabs and the Israelis fight it out, and let the winner win, for God's sake.

*A.* The quarrel between the Arab states and Israel isn't like the quarrel between Rwanda and Burundi, or whatever they're called. The Arab states are currently being used, to a significant extent, as instruments of Soviet policy. Soviet policy is aimed at a) achieving geopolitical ascendancy over the Mideast and its oil, and b) disrupting the Atlantic Alliance.

*Q.* Surely then the easiest course is to let Israel go down, thus depriving the Soviet Union of the emotional leverage it now exercises on the Arab states?

*A.* It is by no means obvious that this would result. If Israel were to disappear, the appetite of the Soviet Union for control in the Mideast would not diminish in the least—why should it? The oil is still there, and it is the necessary lubricant, over the next decade, of the industrial might of the West and of Japan. It could reasonably be argued that the disappearance of Israel would cause the refragmentation of the Arab countries, which might then be easier for the Soviet Union to dominate.

*Q.* Is our support of Israel, then, purely a prudential matter?

*A.* No, it is something more than that. The two houses of Congress, in a Joint Resolution passed in 1957, authorized the President to guarantee the security of any nation in the Mideast, by force if necessary, against aggression by any state "dominated by international Communism."

*Q.* Isn't the formulation "international Communism" rather archaic these days?

*A.* It is so considered at this point, but it is no less descriptive of the situation against which Congress wished to guard in the Fifties. Besides, unlike say the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which has been specifically repealed by Congress, the Joint Resolution of 1957 is in no danger of repeal. Questioned recently about his sponsorship of the bill that would limit the warmaking powers of Congress, Senator Javits was asked whether the pro-



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posed reform in any way affected the 1957 Joint Resolution, and his answer was no.

*Q.* Surely that is because of Jewish pressure?

*A.* Yes and no. It is unquestionably true that Jewish pressure results in an American tenacity that is uncharacteristic in our present foreign policy. But we were pretty tenacious in Indochina, and this was not because of Indochinese pressure, but because we felt an obligation to South Vietnamese independence not substantially different from the obligation we have felt to maintain Israeli independence. That most American Jews deeply desire the safety of Israel does not automatically mean that the safety of Israel is inconsistent with the strategic interests of the United States. In fact, it could plausibly be argued that to draw the attention of American Jews to the importance of redeeming pledges to help against Communist aggression, and to the necessity of maintaining a military sufficiently powerful to redeem those pledges, is itself a substantial reason for dramatizing the fidelity of our performance in the Mideast.

*Q.* Doesn't that mean that we are leaving our allies in Western Europe helpless against the oil diplomacy of the Arab states?

*A.* Two hundred million Europeans enjoying the highest standard of living outside the United States are not helpless against one hundred million Arabs who have 60 per cent of the world's oil below the ground but not much above ground except Soviet arms. A mild foretaste, in Europe, of the consequences of Soviet domination of Arab oil is not necessarily unwelcome. Europe's range of reprisals is very extensive and includes a possible embargo against the Mideast countries participating in the boycott, and direct military action in reprisal against what after all qualifies as an act of war.

*Q.* Are you suggesting that the emergency in Europe could yield beneficial results?

*A.* Yes: Western Europe could put its strength behind the only reasonable solution—an Israel reduced in size to roughly the prewar boundaries, but guaranteed against future Arab military onslaught. This would require an effective arms embargo and plausible guarantees of the new-old frontiers. The Soviet Union will argue heatedly against any such arrangement precisely because the Soviet Union continues to desire strife in the Middle East and to covet the oil both because of its positive and negative values. Forcing Europe to face up to the nature and purpose of Soviet machinations in the area is most heartily to be desired.

*Q.* Meanwhile won't the European nations get sore at us?

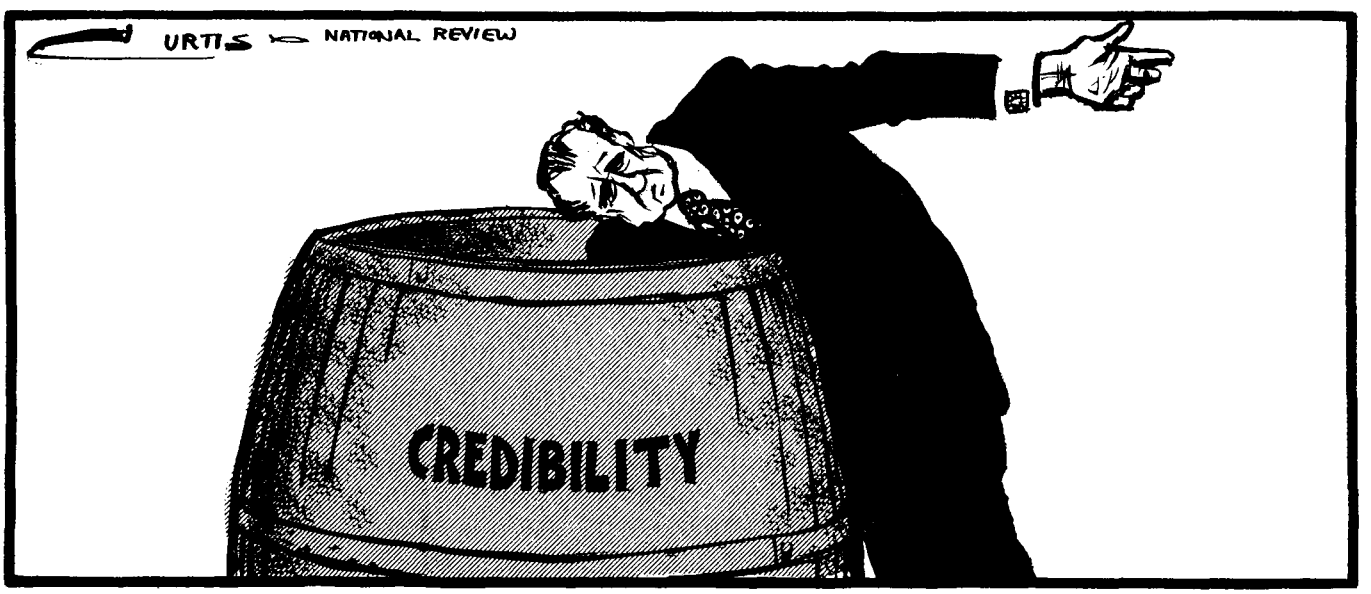
*A.* Yes they will. But they are realists, and they need us more than we need them.

*Q.* What is the single greatest obstacle to a stabilized Mideast?

*A.* The growing military strength of the Soviet Union by contrast with that of the United States. All the arguments will be academic next time around if we do not recover from SALT I, or from congressional offensives against the U.S. military. Phase V of an Arab-Israeli war will be the terminal phase if we continue to weaken at the curent rate. And if that happens, Europe will be deprived not only of the nuisance of Israel, but of the nuisance of an effective United States military presence: and there will be left no effective obstacle to the domination of the Arab countries by the Soviet Union.

## Mutual Unbalanced Force Reductions?

When NATO first proposed troop cuts in Central Europe, it used the phrase "mutual and balanced force reductions," which in our acronymic age made MBFR the semi-official name of the talks, a formula the West




**"Somebody bring a scraper."**



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held to for the next five years despite Soviet objections. Then, in June of this year, Leonid Brezhnev and Richard Nixon issued a joint communiqué that did not mention this divergence of opinion at all, but quietly substituted for MBFR the phrase "mutual reduction of forces and armaments and associated measures in Central Europe." NATO, presented with a fait accompli, acquiesced; and the MURFAAMCE talks duly began on October 30.

A look at the balance of power in Europe makes it clear why this capitulation—unless it is a matter of form only—could be disastrous for the West. When U.S. troops are withdrawn, they will be an ocean away; Soviet troops need only pull back a few hundred miles. There are currently 430,000 Soviet troops and 441,000 indigenous troops in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany, against 190,000 American and 529,000 other NATO troops along the Western side of the dividing line. The Soviet bloc has 14,000 tanks, NATO has 6,500; the Soviet bloc has 2,770 tactical aircraft, NATO has 1,220. Thus, the Soviets' concern is understandably to "preserve the existing correlation of military forces." They want each side to reduce its troop concentrations by the same number or the same percentage (NATO wants to put the same ceiling on both sides' number of troops); they want to include air forces and nuclear arms; they want to cut back indigenous forces simultaneously with Soviet and American forces.

"Detente," as the *World Marxist Review* says, "implies a definite concession by imperialism and, moreover, a forced concession, imposed on it in defiance of its doctrines and concepts."

## Mortification d'Arthur

Has anyone noticed how the executive branch has gotten out of control over the last, oh, four to five years? Arthur Schlesinger has. In *The Imperial Presidency*, he recommends the "condign punishment" of Richard Nixon as the first step "back" to "constitutional" Presidency. (Aside from his putative crimes, adds the author of "How McGovern Will Win," Nixon suffers from a dangerous "isolation" from public opinion.) Schlesinger grants that the Imperial Presidency didn't begin with Nixon—he seems to trace it all the way back to LBJ—but don't get the wrong idea: "Franklin Roosevelt, who is fashionably regarded these days as the cause of it all, is really a model of how a strong President can operate within the constitutional order."

It is interesting here to note that, according to the venerable Arthur Krock, FDR himself was at one point fully prepared to defy a ruling of the Supreme Court. In 1935 the Court considered the 1933 act of Congress which, at Roosevelt's behest, had canceled the gold repayment clause in government and private contracts. Expecting the Court to overturn the act, Roosevelt composed a radio speech in which he invoked the Golden Rule, the Scriptures, and "the dictates of common sense"—but not the Constitution—in announcing that he would not comply with the ruling. To his surprise, the Court narrowly upheld the act. "The nation," Roosevelt confided to an aide, "will never know what a great treat it missed in not hearing the marvelous radio address."

There are of course other, more familiar instances of Roosevelt's devotion to "constitutional order," but this one exposes, with special piquancy, the vanity of Schlesinger's circle-squaring exercise: to limn a Presidency that would be both "strong" (how else, he asks, are you going to get New Deals and civil rights?) and Nixon-proof. What delicious comic relief, really, in the midst of this dreary national crisis, to watch the principal troubadour of executive power so frantically trying to retune his lute.

## Journalistic Coups

The American press has had only the nicest things to say about Salvador Allende since his death. Newspapers, magazines, and television have been saturated with melancholy accounts of his abbreviated revolution. The complete reverse is true for the junta that deposed Allende; the worse said about them, the better. In its November 2 issue the *Wall Street Journal* shows, in workmanlike fashion, how the higher journalism proceeds by examining recent articles in *The Nation* and *Newsweek*.

In *The Nation*, Professor E. Bradford Burns, a Latin American scholar from UCLA, tries to show how popular Allende was. On September 4, one week before the coup, there was a pro-Allende demonstration. Burns witnessed the gathering and claimed in his story that 800,000 Chileans were there, making it the largest demonstration in Chile's history. (Burns was a piker compared to the British *Guardian*. *It* said there were 1,250,000 demonstrators.) However, as luck would have it, Everett G. Martin of the *Wall Street Journal* was at the same demonstration and he estimated a crowd of

## Herblock Victorious

He isn't on the car lot
  Pulling out a roll,
Nor is he in the sewer
  Peering from a hole.
The Checkers speech is buried;
  So is Pat's cloth coat.
He's finished fighting Cronkite.
  Cox can't get his goat.
For Bebe and the loved ones,
  Kindly pass the cup.
He's drifting on the ebb tide,
  Floating belly up.

W. H. VON DREELE



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no more than twenty thousand, which it turns out was just about the police estimate. Martin notes that Burns failed to mention a demonstration the following day which did attract hundreds of thousands. Its purpose was to call for the resignation of Allende.

Martin picks apart other points in Professor Burns's article. To blame America for Chile's economic failure is, well, "ludicrous—American egocentrism at its worst. Despite [America's] credit blockade, Dr. Allende's regime received more international credit than any other Chilean government in history." Months before the coup, Allende's nephew—a fervent supporter of his uncle—had despaired for his government, telling Martin: "There's no more ideology, everything is corrupt. All the [ruling circles] think about is power and money."

Bad as it is, *The Nation* article is not in the same biased journalism league as *Newsweek*. *"Last week I slipped through a side door in the Santiago morgue,"* John Barnes wrote in the October 8 *Newsweek*. *"One hundred and fifty bodies were laid out on the ground floor. . . . Upstairs I passed through a swing door and there in a dimly lit corridor lay at least fifty more bodies. . . . I was able to obtain an official morgue body count from the daughter of a member of its staff: By the 14th day following the coup, she said, the morgue had received and processed 2,796 corpses."* According to the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, a doctor unsympathetic to the junta, and the morgue's director, the Barnes account is one of the more imaginative pieces of investigative journalism; 2,796 is not the number of bodies the morgue processed in the first 14 days of the coup—but of all the bodies processed from January 1 to September 21.

Another example: The sprawled body of a dead amputee was prominently pictured in the story. The caption read: "A dead amputee in Santiago: The reign of terror was worse than anybody imagined." The man, it turns out, was killed not by junta soldiers but by a Chevrolet truck.

# Lyle H. Munson, R I P

Lyle Munson was a victim of the McCarthy era—not one of the fellow-traveling pseudovictims who made their fame and fortune by Taking the Fifth to the cheers of the media and the academy, but one of the decent, loyal Americans who were slandered and hounded by the fanatics of the anti-McCarthy Crusade. He served with ability, imagination, and courage in the Office of Strategic Services during the war years and continued in its successor organization, the Central Intelligence Agency, specializing for the most part in Chinese affairs. He was levered out of CIA through the pressures of State Department officials who objected to the firmness of his anti-Communism and in particular to his efforts to steer U.S. intelligence analysis away from admirers of Chinese Communism. He founded a publishing and book distributing company, Bookmailer, which, along with a modest general business, has especially endeavored to make globally available books, translations, and documents dealing with Communism. We at *NR* have known Lyle Munson for many years. We have from time to time disagreed with some of the stands he has taken, but we always felt the strength of his integrity and his active sense of civic responsibility. We send our sympathy to his wife, Anne, who thought and worked with him, to their daughters, Donna and Katherine, and to other members of his family.

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Of Pres. Ford being shot in Lincoln Center (*NR*, November 9):

Unpardonably poor taste. Insufferable. Unforgivable. Intolerable. So crude. So low and common. You should be ashamed to the point of apology. Your readers deserve better.

James E. Simpson
1841 Shirley Lane, Apt. 3C
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48105

Dear Mr. Simpson: But where could our readers go to get better? Cordially, —WFB

■ To the Editor
*The Washington Post*

Dear Sir:

I had no intention of intruding into the quarrel, and as a matter of fact I disagree with the totality of my colleague George Will's rejection of Norman Mailer, but alas Mr. Michael Olmert in taking issue with Mr. Will went on and on at my expense, which is okay, and much of it good boilerplate. But he made a curious factual point about my public contacts with Mailer. Mr. Olmert wrote:

"There are many who still remember his [my] travels on the debating circuit with a man named Norman Mailer, two barnstorming wrestlers whose first duty was to entertain us. Their philosophical struggles were covered thoroughly by the media, while we watched weekly (it seems) for the familiar litany of ideological leitmotifs and codas. At times, the entire debate format seemed to be on the brink of physical violence, and we thrilled to the possibility of their status as wrestlers becoming the stuff of reality rather than just another metaphor."

Mr. Olmert has a vivid imagination. I debated with Norman Mailer for the first time in Chicago in 1962 before a live audience: i.e., it was not broadcast or tele-



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vised. Subsequently we appeared together once on David Susskind's program, and once (briefly) on Les Crane's television program. Years later he appeared (once) on *Firing Line.* I can only assume that Mr. Olmert's television set stuck and repeated one of those programs week after week in Mr. Olmert's living room, driving him crazy. Clearly he has not recovered.

Yours cordially,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Bill:

On October 16 I wrote you (by way of a letter to the editor) asking that my name be removed from the masthead of NATIONAL REVIEW *at the same time* that you published my letter of explanation outlining the reasons for my request.

I have just received the latest issue of *NR* and find that you have lost no time in removing my name, *at the same time* you have seen fit not to print my letter of resignation. I find this quite uncharacteristic of you, for, whatever qualities you are known to possess (rightly or wrongly), I never thought you to be a devious man. I knew you could be vindictive, but never sly. I am, in a word, outraged. Yrs.

Max Geltman
New York

Mr. Geltman, who is easily outraged, resigned as a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW on the grounds that the editors are insufficiently servile to his position on the state of Israel, and all related matters, including Ezra Pound. He closed by saying, "Under the circumstances, I must beg to dissociate myself from the dark prejudices of your erstwhile conservative magazine. You will, therefore, please remove my name from the masthead of NATIONAL REVIEW at the same time you publish this letter." In the same week, we received protests against an editorial position understood by some of our readers to be too pro-Israel in orientation. Take your choice. We feel no obligation to publish Mr. Geltman's unreasoned, and indeed unbalanced, intemperances, which he is free to ventilate elsewhere, if there is an elsewhere that will publish his wilder statements. We regret we shall be without those reasoned articles which he occasionally submitted, and which we regularly published.

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hey, this is a curious thing, and I thought you might wanna hear about it. Anybody's welcome to be a right/winger, ain't they? But if you're a YOUNG one, people figure you gotta be a Bill Buckley hero/worshipper; it's like a CULT!! I had a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, but they kicked me out of the factory on account of I kept drawing rabbits on the shipping cartons, so now I can't afford to keep it alive. Don't it seem sometimes like people are watching *Firing Line* mostly because they like the way you talk and do stuff with your face? Then you go on Johnny Carson's show and he kills 15 minutes telling you you've got a good vocabulary; I realize he doesn't get paid for getting into deep theoretical goo, but don't you think maybe your style overrides the substance of what you're saying?

But *that's* not all bad; for example, with Bobby Kennedy, I thought a lot of what he was saying in 1968 was pretty bizarre, but he was such a charmer that I probably would have voted for him in November. That doesn't say much for my mind, granted, but it just shows that people like me can get sidetracked very easily, and . . . uhmmm . . . I think if I was you and I was trying to say important things and everybody was getting mesmerized by my voice, that'd be both spooky and flattering. I probably wouldn't mind, because I'm basically superficial, and I'd be too busy soaking up all that public attention to really care . . . but you seem to believe what you're saying, and I should think you'd get spooked and bothered.

Anyhow, what I got to thinking is this; if there's gotta be a right-wing cult hero, why don't you make it Bill Rusher? If you could get everybody honked up on Bill Rusher, get all the impressionists to do Bill Rusher routines, and get him to ride a motorcycle and go to Truman Capote's parties and everything, maybe then when you come around people will listen to what you say and wait for him to come raise his eyebrows at them?

But this is coming out wrong, because I'm making it sound like nobody takes you seriously. That isn't what I'm getting at. But I do think it'd be a good idea to make Bill Rusher a cult hero, and I think he could pull it off . . . and then if your brother decided to try for the White House he wouldn't have everybody saying, "Look, it's Bill Buckley's brother . . ."; oh God, now I'm getting *that* wrong, now it sounds like they don't take *him* seriously.

Forget it. Anyhow, I like what you've been up to, as much of it as I understand, and I'm gonna subscribe again as soon as I get another job. If I said anything bad here, I didn't mean to.

Best wishes,
Stanley Michael Matis
Jefferson, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Matis: We are training Mr. Rusher. Keep your eyes on him, but keep it quiet. Cordially, **—WFB**

## On the Rebound

I huffed and puffed for Robert Taft.
I lashed myself to Barry's raft.
I joined the Agnew cavalcade.
While friends administer first aid,
I'm toying with the Reagan team.
It looks delightfully extreme.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# Down the Memory Hole

## Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

NINE YEARS and a few weeks too late, Senator Barry Goldwater is widely recognized as a man of exemplary probity and sobriety. Which is one reason why he gets a lot of mail. Most of it these days concerns the man who, were it not for Senator Goldwater's ardent efforts, would not have been nominated for President by the 1968 Republican convention.

Senator Goldwater's mail about Mr. Nixon is flooding in from all fifty states. Only a rough guess is possible at this stage, but one member of his highly professional staff estimates that the mail is coming ten times faster than it did at the Republic's last peak of passion, in April and May 1970, when American troops went into action in Cambodia, and Kent, Ohio. Senator Goldwater's staff has sorted the mail out by states and, if the White House was paying attention, it would be shocked.

The "best" mail for Mr. Nixon is coming from Texas. It is 3.2 letters to 1 in favor of impeachment. The national average is 4.1 to 1 in favor of impeachment. Arizona, which is represented in the Senate by Goldwater and Paul Fannin (their *cumulative* Americans for Democratic Action rating: 0), sends mail that is worse, from Mr. Nixon's point of view, than the national average. It is 5.2 to one.

It is worth wondering what lies behind this gusher of extreme sentiment. What has made people think about that which, not long ago, was among the "unthinkables" of American politics —impeachment? The obvious causes—fired prosecutors, missing tapes, and all that—are, well, obvious. What is not so obvious is the factor that established the general mood. Perhaps the mood should be called "Agnew's Revenge."

Although Mr. Nixon almost certainly does not understand this, there can be little doubt that the fall of Mr. Agnew —to be precise, the speed and totality of his banishment from the national consciousness—has helped make Mr. Nixon's position as precarious as it is. For nearly five years Mr. Agnew was a conspicuous figure on the American scene. On August 6, for the first time, his name was publicly linked to a scandal. On October 10, he resigned his office and sank beneath the foaming brine, leaving not even a tiny bubble to mark the spot where he foundered. The impact on the public was something like what happens (I am told) when one sniffs something like glue: lightheadedness.

By October 10 the Watergate affair was in its seventh month, reeling out of control, downhill. But in two pell-mell months the Agnew episode had flared and been "resolved." It had been "resolved" because the man had disappeared. He had not just fallen from office. He had fallen down George Orwell's "memory hole," as Mr. Nixon went out of his way to demonstrate that gruesome night in the East Room when, with the fiddles fiddling, the refreshments refreshing, and the Yahoos (mostly congressmen) yahooing, he unveiled Gerald Ford as his nominee to replace whatshisname.

THE EVENT was remarkably tasteless and discordant, even considering the atrophied instincts of the host. But the important point is that it was a political as well as an aesthetic blunder. By grinning and chuckling and being oh-so-kittenish as he served up Mr. Ford—just two days after Mr. Agnew resigned —Mr. Nixon was inadvertently subverting himself.

An understandably apprehensive nation subliminally absorbed an unintended message from Mr. Nixon's happy highjinks that night. The message was: Shucking off a disgraced government official is no big deal for this nation. Even if the official is the second highest elected official, even if he is half of the Republican officials elected nationally, it hardly matters. Take a day, take a breath, throw a party, officials come and are disgraced and must go, but the Marine strings play on in the East Room.

When demythologizing John Kennedy's "Camelot," it was fashionable—and, up to a point, sensible—to debunk that of which, in the absence of substantive achievements, the Kennedy hagiographers were inordinately proud —the "style" of the Kennedy Administration. But Mr. Nixon, waist deep in angry telegrams and sinking fast, is in a position to know that style matters.

Style isn't substance, and style does not determine substance, but there is a complex relationship between style and substance, a relationship Mr. Nixon has never deciphered. By his style with Mr. Ford in the East Room that night, Mr. Nixon taught the American people that political figures—even those elected by all the people—can be toppled without changing the fact that "God reigns, and the government in Washington lives." □

## Consolation for Sunday

The Sunday paper brings me news,
A ton or so, of this and that:
Who's going to win, who's going to lose,
Republican or Democrat.

What's new in crime and graft today,
What Wall Street's doing in finance,
What special writers have to say
On stamps, food, bridge, dogs, boats, the dance.

Who married whom and what she wore,
What's doing here in civil rights,
Who's for and who's against the war,
And who said what (again?) last night.

What's cooking in the magazine,
Photography, arts, gardens, sports;
The personals, the social scene,
The shopping guide, schools, cars, resorts.

The weather, fashions, puzzle page,
Statistics (vital), lost and found,
Help wanted, music, screen and stage,
Which ships are in, which outward bound.

And ads—and ads and ads and ads
For things I really do not need . . .
How comforting to see such scads
Of news I do not have to read!

CORINNA MARSH



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# War, Arms, Detente, NATO, Oil

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

WAR IS A great lie detector, though many of us prefer not to check its readings. When the guns start, illusions, bombast, stupidity, and plain mistakes are high on the list of targets. The professionals are already hard at work on their analyses of Phase IV of the Arab-Israeli war. They seem agreed that the new developments in the technology and use of missile systems, as now tested in combat, require a downgrading in the potential of the aircraft/armored vehicle combination, unless this gets a powerful missile infusion. There would seem to be obvious and imperative implications for NATO's weapons and tactical doctrine.

On strategy and policy, so limited a test cannot be conclusive, but it did seem to empty pretty thoroughly the Israeli concept of "secure borders." For Israel, the lesson teaches, a militarily "secure border" is a will-o'-the-wisp that recedes with approaching. The farther out the border is pushed from the Israeli heartland, with its meager population, the more certain it will be a continuing source of disputes and periodic fighting, as well as more difficult and costly to defend. Without the support of the United States in the years past, as during the latest combat round, no border line anywhere on earth would have permitted Israel to survive. A secure peace for Israel depends on a political concatenation willing to accept Israel's existence and boundaries.

What shall we say about the Brezhnev-Nixon detente in the light of the Mideast testing apparatus? Most people with strong opinions about detente will no doubt continue to say what they were saying before. The idea of "detente" is so vague and amorphous as to be almost impossible to pin down by facts. Nevertheless, for what they are worth, let us note a few facts.

The Soviet Union supplied Egypt, Syria, and Iraq with large quantities of weapons and training in their use, knowing it was thereby giving them the means to restart fighting. At San Clemente a few months ago Brezhnev and Nixon pledged peace in general and mutual consultation in the event of a specific threat to peace. At least by October 2, the Kremlin knew about the planned Arab offensive that began the 6th and did not inform, much less consult, Washington. When the fighting began, the Soviet Union immediately activated a vast supply operation for which preparation must have been made in advance. Moscow urged other Arab states to give military support to the initial belligerents and encouraged the use of the "oil weapon" against the U.S. and other Western nations. Soviet and Soviet-controlled propaganda systematically attacked U.S. actions, aims, and motives. The Kremlin acted to halt the fighting only when the Arabs started losing. Moscow apparently got ready to send combat troops, and Washington put its military forces on global alert. The Soviet combat troops were not sent, but Moscow compelled the U.S., against its wish and interest, to join in sending "observers" and to add Polish soldiers to the UN contingent, thus legitimizing the entry of Moscow-controlled armed forces into the Middle East.

True, Soviet and U.S. forces have not fired at each other or launched any nuclear missiles. But that restraint marks no change from the past. Let us ask: In what ways did Soviet detente conduct, as manifest this past six weeks, differ from Soviet cold war conduct? I find myself unable to specify any significant difference and conclude that cold war, under any other name, doth smell as sour.

### *By Any Other Name*

Then, NATO: Everyone knows from the wails of State Department spokesman Robert McCloskey, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, the President, and the Secretary of State that the Mideast fighting showed something to be very messy if not yet wholly rotten in the state of NATO. It isn't simply that the Mideast outbreak itself hurt NATO, but that the crisis situation forced into the open some of the lesions already present in NATO. "For a moment last week," remarked *The Economist* in its November 3 issue, "Europe went neutral." Even the unflappable Henry Kissinger lost his temper and, more important, his sense of irony.

The U.S. was furious that most NATO members professed neutrality in the Arab-Israeli fighting and refused landing and overflight rights for the American resupply operation. The European NATO members were turned off because the U.S. did not even notify, much less consult, them concerning either the massive intervention in the Mideast, which they claim not to be covered automatically by the North Atlantic Treaty, or the global alert, which involved their own as well as Israeli and U.S. security and survival. It would be a waste of time to assess the shares of blame, if it makes sense to speak of blame. These breakdowns of communication and concert among the NATO members were the war's way of disclosing, of drumming into ears that have preferred to be shut, that both the political and the military content of the generation-old Atlantic Alliance is eroded and must be rethought and renewed if the Alliance is not, like SEATO and CENTO, going to fade ingloriously away.

### *First Things First*

For good measure Phase IV made a further unwelcome gloss on U.S. Mideast policy, attesting that it cannot be successfully based on unconditional support of Israel. This is not merely a matter of oil, the new lesson suggested, though oil is no trifle, but of strategically critical space, of ancient peoples determined to reenter history, and very decidedly also of Europe. For the U.S., in the long and deciding run, the Middle East is more important than Israel, but Europe is more important than the Middle East, is in truth what is finally and essentially important. The Nixon Administration, like the Johnson Administration before it, seems unable to concentrate its concern on the European connection. Mideast Phase IV was trying to say that there will have to be a change in Washington's priority ratings, unless we are ready to watch the neutral week become forever. □



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DARKNESS OVER DORCHESTER

# Living & Dying IN BOSTON

FRANCIS RUSSELL

AT HALF PAST NINE of an early September evening the young woman in the flowered dress walks along Blue Hill Avenue down the slope from Franklin Park. Behind her the trees in the park, though somewhat bedraggled, still hold their summer greenery. Most of the small stores she passes on the Avenue are empty, boarded up since the riots of six years ago, their fronts pasted over with now tattered and faded Black Power posters and smeared with crude slogans. Only the liquor stores, those hardiest of weeds, have managed to survive here, their windows bricked down to slits and protected by layers of steel mesh.

The young woman is pretty in a casual way. Her errand is obvious. She is carrying a red two-gallon can of gasoline from a Grove Hall filling station to a car stranded somewhere in the no-man's-land of streets between Dorchester and Roxbury. There are few if any pedestrians in sight. People no longer walk along Blue Hill Avenue, particularly in the evening. As she nears a dilapidated corner house beyond a line of boarded-up or shuttered stores, six young Negroes step out of the darkness into the blue-white range of the arc lamps. Shouting obscenities they encircle her, shove her from one to the other like a rag doll, force her down the narrow alley between the corner house and an apartment block. There in the litter of a vacant rear lot they order her to pour the gasoline on herself. She refuses. They beat and kick her until finally she gives in. When she has drenched herself to their satisfaction, one of the gang flicks a lighted match at her. She takes fire like a torch, and they run off laughing and jeering.

After vainly rolling on the ground to put out the flames, she staggers down the alley, her clothes and hair ablaze, and screams her way past half a dozen closed shops to the open liquor store. Customers and clerks pull off her burning clothing. A police car that happens to be cruising by takes her to the City Hospital. She has second and third degree burns over all her body. Four hours later she is dead.

She was Evelyn Wagler, a 26-year-old German-born Swiss, married but separated from her husband, the mother of a six-year-old boy. A drifter, she had lived in communes, with Women's Liberation friends, on Chicago's tough South Side, worked as a carpenter, a waitress, a truckdriver. Five days earlier she had arrived in Boston after hitchhiking from Chicago and taking odd jobs along the way. She moved in with four girls she had known previously—three black and one white—who lived in the upper floor of a two-family house on the edge of Dorchester. She was looking for a job when her borrowed car ran out of gas. Before she died she managed to tell the police that she had been confronted on the Avenue the day before by three of the same gang. They had warned her: "Whitey, get out of this part of town!" It was just more of the same sort of street "jive," she told her roommates, she used to hear in Chicago. Neither she nor they felt particularly alarmed. After her death her estranged husband explained to reporters that she had been killed "by the system, a system that creates ghettos and racial hatred." Her body remained in the morgue unclaimed.

Such incidents proliferate in our cities, splash across the headlines, give way to the next incident, and are forgotten. Boston's Mayor Kevin White, after asserting that there was nothing inherently racial in this torch murder, offered a $5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderers. A week later no one had been arrested, and Evelyn Wagler's name had disappeared from the newspapers.

THE TALE would have been one to which I should have reacted in transitory horror and then inevitably have pushed aside as new tales intervened. But Dorchester, where Evelyn Wagler died, happens to be the section of Boston where I grew up, the place of my first memories, the only part of the earth that has come to seem instinctively home to me. So I felt her death as something personal, as if we were somehow related. Blue Hill Avenue was for me *the* Avenue before I knew there were other avenues, a Via Appia running die-straight from the Blue Hills to the provincial city on the horizon that to my child's eye was London and Paris and Rome and all the world's fabled and fabulous cities.

We lived a mile or so the other side of Franklin Park on Walk Hill, bordering on Blue Hill Avenue, a segment of

*Mr. Russell, author of a half dozen and more biographical and historical works, was brought up in Dorchester.*



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Dorchester that still kept the Indian name of Mattapan, Place-of-the-Ford. That hill of my childhood is an obscure drumlin, one of the several hundred left by the glacier in the Boston area. But for me it was the hub of the universe. From the row of pignut trees on the Hill's crest one could look north to the hazy tentacular city four and a half miles away and sometimes on bright afternoons catch the glitter of the gilt State House dome. On grey days the sky itself seemed held up by the granite obelisk of the Custom House tower. East lay the harbor islands, beyond the yellow bulk of the Dorchester High School. From my bedroom window I looked west beyond Calvary Cemetery in the hollow to the vague ridge of the Canterbury Hills with their promise of continental distances beyond, enhanced by the red sunball as it sank each evening below the West Roxbury horizon.

Until the Boston Elevated Street Railway Company extended its line from Grove Hall to Mattapan in 1908, the Hill was a supernumerary bit of property owned by Wellington Holbrook, a feckless *Mayflower* descendant who lived on the bits and pieces of his diminished inheritance. Thanks to the Boston El, Mattapan became a streetcar suburb and Holbrook was able to develop his empty drumlin into a settlement of one- and two-family houses, run up as cheaply as possible on postage-stamp size lots. With passing vanity he changed the Hill's old name to Wellington Hill. It became a bourgeois community of those who considered themselves simply Americans but would later be labeled WASPs —clerks, salesmen, petty officials, minor professional men, and the occasional teacher.

Ironically enough the year of the Mattapan carline extension was the year of the great Chelsea fire that destroyed most of that sordid industrial adjunct of Boston, obliterating the slum streets along the Mystic River inhabited by Jewish refugees from Polish Russia. Before 1880 there were fewer than five hundred Russian Jews in Massachusetts out of a foreign-born population of 350,000. Between 1900 and 1914 they formed the largest racial bloc coming into the state. After the Kishinev pogroms of 1903 and the 1905 massacres, this migration became a stampede. Of 100,000 new immigrants coming to Massachusetts in 1913, 21,000 were Jews from the Polish Pale. They took to peddling and junkdealing, a haggling existence to which they were adapted by their harsh and limited life in the Pale. To Boston's small group of wealthy long-established Jews they seemed as remote as lunar visitors.

With the destruction of the Chelsea ghetto, its inhabitants migrated across the Mystic River ten miles south to the sections of Dorchester already solidly built up with wooden three-deckers. Speculative builders ran up more three-deckers to meet the demand.

With the advent of World War I, shops with kosher signs began to spread down Blue Hill Avenue, each year creeping closer to Walk Hill. District after Dorchester district became solidly Jewish. As soon as a few Jews bought into a street, the other families would become restive, FOR SALE signs would appear in their windows, and in a few seasons they would have moved away. Dorchester was becoming, not a ghetto, but a *kahal*, an expanding Jewish community, soon to be the most densely populated area of greater Boston.

*They took to peddling and junkdealing, a haggling existence to which they were adapted by their harsh and limited life in the Pale*

For some time Walk Hill remained a nativist island surrounded by an alien sea. The outcome was only a matter of time. Finally in 1920 the Robinsons on the Hill quietly sold their house to a Jewish family. Prices of houses, like all prices, had soared just after the war, and the Robinsons could not resist doubling their money. I remember the sense of indignation, the neighborhood talk of banding together to buy the house back. Of course nothing came of it. The neighborhood "changed." More Jewish families moved in. No others would now buy on the Hill. But the change was a gradual process, lasting over a decade, and some of the

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more rooted and stubborn Hill natives stayed on until they died. Between the old and the new there was little social mingling, although the children soon played together. There was dislike, even latent hostility, but no conflict. The newcomers were extremely law-abiding, even litigious.

Most of the Jews who moved to the Hill were foreign-born, and in the rush before the more restrictive immigration laws they were willing to spend their last dollar to bring in their assorted relatives. We stayed on for six years after the first invasion, and I became used to the sight of full-bearded old men—like the Rabbi Sheshevsky who bought a two-family house not far from us—in long black coats and wide black hats. On summer evenings they sat on their front porches with *yarmulkes* on their heads, and the old women wore wigs that sometimes peeped askew from beneath their shawls. Shops along Blue Hill Avenue proliferated—meat markets, delicatessens, fish markets, hardware and dry goods stores, shoes, tailoring. There were too many, and some of them failed. The arson rate was high. Near Franklin Park there was the Hebrew School Haschachar, and whenever I walked by on a spring afternoon I could hear the murmur of the scholars' voices like the hum of bees. Only on Friday evenings was the Avenue quiet, empty. The rest of the time it gyrated with an ever-shifting crowd. In front of the shops were pushcarts with flaring lights, and always on spring and summer evenings the throngs of talking, laughing, gesticulating foreigners, their language as thick as the delicatessen smells. So it all seemed to me; the Avenue, a fascination. As I walked back to the Hill on a winter afternoon from skating on Franklin Field, I felt an abounding sense of life pulsing along those crowded sidewalks, a contagious vitality in those rudely pushing shoppers.

The Dorchester *kahal* became the center of Boston Jewry. In those years before the New Deal, the Jews voted Republican in opposition to the Irish Democrats. By the late Thirties the more prosperous Jews were leaving Mattapan and Dorchester. The children and grandchildren of Chelsea peddlers and ragmen, of Blue Hill Avenue tailors and fishmongers and delicatessen proprietors, had through their relentless pursuit of education become lawyers, doctors, teachers, professors, financiers, members of all the professions. From the three-deckers and two-family houses of Dorchester they had moved to spacious single homes in Brookline and Newton. There were Jewish sections of those towns but the *kahal* itself had vanished.

After the Second World War Dorchester and the Hill remained undividedly Jewish, but the population was thinning. Those who stayed behind were those who had not made it, the has-beens, the failures, the elderly. Dorchester remained a slightly obnoxious memory. The proud marble bulk of Temple Mishkan Tefila loomed up across from Franklin Park an empty shell, its name and substance having been translated to Newton Center.

Sometimes on a summer evening in the early Fifties when I happened to be driving in to Boston from Wellesley, I would park my car near Walk Hill Street's Martha Baker School, where I had attended the first five grades, then like a revenant walk up the Hill and along the streets with the uneasy familiarity of a dream, past the houses I once knew, the gabled house where I once lived. The Hill's line of

pignut trees had been replaced by the brick solidity of the Solomon Lewenberg Junior High School. Who he was I had no idea, but then I had never known who Martha Baker or Edmund P. Tileston were. But I did know that the Lewenberg School had the highest scholastic standing of any junior high school in the city. On such a lingering summer evening the Hill people sat on their porches, in their minute yards, even on their front steps, calling back and forth in a lighthearted neighborliness that I, the revenant, found myself wishing I might share, that someone might nod to me as I passed.

In those years when I took the Blue Hill Avenue streetcar daily and transferred at Egleston Square to the El on my way to the old Roxbury Latin School near Dudley Street, the black area of Boston was a static one, extending from the Dover Street to the Northampton Street El stations and stopping there. The "colored" district, everyone called it then, and it stayed within those limits for a generation. That colored world seemed stranger to me than Blue Hill Avenue and more remote. Not for decades would I ever know anyone with a skin darker than my own.

After World War II the Northampton Street barriers gave way. Then, as in so many cities and for much the same complex of reasons—welfare and otherwise—Boston's Negro population suddenly expanded, bursting its static boundaries, flowing to Dudley Street and then across Roxbury to Dorchester. A number of old Yankee families had persisted in the large and solid Victorian mansions of the Roxbury Highlands, and the Jewish invasion had flowed round rather than through them. The black tide of the Fifties and Sixties drove out the Yankee lingerers when they were faced with what they had never encountered with the Jews—violence.

On casual trips to Boston in the Sixties I would sometimes drive up Blue Hill Avenue to watch the progress of the black tide. It was easy to spot. For some reason lower class Jewish families never had window curtains but merely shades or Venetian blinds. Where on lower Blue Hill Avenue the windows in the drab brick apartment buildings had



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been neat though bare, they suddenly became smeared, the blinds twisted askew, the shades torn and stained. Blacks had arrived. One could trace the tide by the condition of the windows. It seemed to move at about half a mile a year. By the time it had covered the down slope from Franklin Park to Franklin Field, though there was still a mile to go, I knew the Hill was about to "change" again.

In the Roxbury-Dorchester riots that followed Martin Luther King's murder, most of the shop windows along Blue Hill Avenue were smashed as far as Franklin Field and even beyond. The boarded-up fronts remain. A few proprietors did reopen because their little shops were all they had. But their customers dwindled away and they found themselves threatened and challenged by young blacks, robbed in their shops, mugged on the street. These tough teen-age gangs soon made the Avenue a street of peril. No longer did the pushing gossipy crowds throng the sidewalks on a Saturday night, no longer did flaring lights welcome the customers into the shop interiors. Old men still huddled in the G&G, drinking tea and reading Yiddish papers, but each time I dropped in there were fewer of them. The Jewish wave that I had seen crest and break so long ago had receded, leaving only a few pebbles behind. Now the second wave was cresting, always thrusting—more by the accident of geography than anything else—against the retreating Jewish remnant. According to the census, Walk Hill had 9,204 residents in 1960 of whom ten were black. Ten years later the Hill had become half black. That year while there was still time, I decided to call at my old house and ask how they felt about their incoming neighbors.

It was a strange feeling to walk up those steps to the long porch. Not for 43 years had I been in that small gabled house. In 1926 I had walked down those very steps, happy to be quitting what I considered a socially inferior neighborhood, not realizing until years later how much of myself I was leaving behind. As I rang the bell I could see my reflection in the square of plate glass set in the oak front door, even the small hole in the left-hand corner that I had made with a BB gun.

I was too late. A young woman with a café-au-lait complexion opened the door. Awkwardly I explained that I used to live there as a boy. She was very gracious, showed me into the living room furnished in what can best be called Sears-Roebuck Mediterranean—massive carved chests with huge knobs, similarly carved chairs, and a television-stereo to match. Where our bookcase had been was an artificial fireplace with an electric heater behind which a red bulb flickered. A naugahide sofa filled the space once taken up by our Hallet & Davis upright piano. The young woman told me she was a nurse. Her husband worked for Edison. They had come from Roxbury because they needed more space for their child, room for a garden. "We wanted to move into an integrated neighborhood," she said, "but since we moved in a year ago the others have been moving away, a regular stampede. The man next door is white. I asked him if he was going to stay and he said he didn't know. I know though!" I told her about the early days of the Hill, of Holbrook and of the coming of the Jews. Then she asked me if I would care to see the rest of the house. We went through, room by room, I haunted by memories—the phantom kitchen's Glenwood coal range with its iron scrollwork and nickel trim where I used to toast my feet while memorizing French irregular verbs before leaving for school. Finally we stood in my small room. Her little son, now taking a nap there, with the friendliness of happy children stretched out his arms to me. By the window that overlooked the Canterbury Hills had been my desk where I sat night after night construing my twenty lines of Vergil, stumbling through *L'Avare*, or puzzling over the problems set in Hawkes, Libby & Touton's *Revised Algebra*. Perhaps, I thought, this small boy perched at the edge of his bed would one day be studying his lessons at the same window, with less distaste (I hoped) than I had had for academic learning.

As I drove down the Hill I was aware of a very bustle of remodeling and repairing going on; reshingling, reroofing, painting, modernizing. Plumbing of 1908, old bathtubs, sinks and stoves, were stacked in the yards waiting to be carted off. Even if the Hill was about to turn all black, it was not going to go the way of the apartments on the Avenue. These were people who cared. Three years later I found another story. The Hill had indeed turned completely black, but the refurbished houses were falling apart—gaps in the shingles, peeling paint, clogged and rusting gutters, cracks in the foundations, unkempt hedges and overgrown yards, litter, rubbish. Some houses were still neat and cared for. Yet the general tone was one of slovenly deterioration. Our house was among the dreariest, the garage doors torn off, cellar windows gaping, shades ripped down altogether, the porch sagging. A FOR SALE sign announced that it had been taken over by the Veterans' Administration and gave the Blue Hill Avenue "realtor" George Sampson as the agent.

*I stopped for a moment opposite the spot where Evelyn Wagler had been cattleprodded down the alley to her death*

Curious about my old house, I went to Sampson's office. Sampson turned out to be a friendly soft-spoken man, light brown in color with rosy cheeks that gave his complexion a slightly orange tint. When I told him I merely wanted to inquire about the Hill and my old house, he couldn't have been more helpful. As he explained it to me, after the 1968 riots two dozen banks banded together in the Boston Banks Urban Renewal Group—BBURG—and agreed to put up $20 million to help low income families buy their own homes through federally insured mortgages. With the best of intentions the bankers established an arbitrary district in Dorchester, the BBURG line, within which they would write mortgages and outside which they would not. Walk Hill was almost in the dead center of the line.

The practical result of BBURG for the Hill and surrounding Dorchester was instant blackness. Negroes could get mortgages only within that area. No one else would think of buying there. For the blockbusting real estate operators and speculators, BBURG's announcement was a



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treasure trove. They panicked the remaining Jews into selling their houses at any price, repaired the bought-up buildings hastily, modernized them on the cheap, and sold them at inflated prices to the incoming blacks from the Roxbury slums, who could take them or nothing. "Many of our people never owned houses before," Sampson told me. "They didn't really know what it meant. They weren't used to budgeting, making regular monthly payments. Most of them weren't handymen and didn't understand much about maintenance, and they paid too much and signed up for what they couldn't afford."

"Have there been many foreclosures?" I asked him.

"Quite a few. And when anyone's about to have his home foreclosed, he isn't too fussy about keeping it up." I did not come back to Blue Hill Avenue until the week after Evelyn Wagler's death. Nor did I linger on Walk Hill, for the Lewenberg School was letting out shortly and that was dangerous ground then. The school was all black now, tumultuous, its proud standards obliterated. Now, when school let out, the remaining shops on the Avenue closed for an hour. I was not going to risk having my car rocked over with myself in it, as had almost happened to me one earlier afternoon. Yet in my brief Hill transit what had struck me was the aura of fear. Many of the better-kept houses now had protective grillwork on the windows and doors. Others were surrounded by chain-link fences. No longer was it Jewish fear of the Negro, but blacks fearing blacks, men fearing other men.

Later I found the same permeance of fear along the Avenue almost deserted in the twilight. A few shops huddled behind gratings or even behind the steel shutters that I had seen before only in Europe. Only the Brown Jug still kept its doors open at the corner of Morton Street. The stark brick Morton Street synagogue and school had been abandoned. The Morton Theater had become a club of sorts, the Liberty Theater a warehouse, the Franklin Park Theater at the Avenue's summit the New Fellowship Baptist Church.

Day after day for five years I had taken the Blue Hill Avenue streetcar on my way to Roxbury Latin. From afar I used to look at the elms that overarched the Avenue near the Franklin Park Theater's spire. Always they reminded me of the small framed picture of elm-arched Clovelly that my mother kept in the upper hall. So familiar was Clovelly-Dorchester, four decades removed in time. The present was inexorable. At Franklin Field I noticed that the Talbot Tailors and Cleansers had a sign in the iron-latticed window: Beware of Attack Dog. Almost across the street was the Dunkin' Donuts where a man had been stabbed to death a few weeks earlier.

Beyond the park I stopped for a moment opposite the spot where Evelyn Wagler had been cattleprodded down the alley to her death. The alley was only a few feet wide, fenced in but with a gap wide enough to squeeze through. The back area was open to a side street that ran off the Avenue beside the dilapidated green corner house. Someone in that house or the apartment next to it must have heard her screams, must have looked out a window, must have seen. But no one ever came forward to say so. I drove round the block in the now semidarkness. There was the same conjunction I found on the Hill and all over Dorchester: ramshackle houses, empty houses, ruined houses, the yards overgrown with pig and ragweed and ankle deep in debris; and, in between, houses as well-groomed, with yards as green and tidy, as the most proper "executive" suburb. Except for a few children skipping rope, the only figures I saw were those of young black males anywhere from 16 to thirty, standing or leaning against doorways or store fronts, eyeing the world, and me in particular, with challenging hostile glances. I drove round the block twice, and the second time these young men in their slouch hats watched me more narrowly, stabbed out their cigarettes with contempt as I passed, and I could sense their latent threat like a declaration of war. Unemployed, unemployable, they were as scornful of liberal panaceas as they were of me. These, or such as these, could have set Evelyn Wagler afire. What did they want from life? Unformed, consumed by an anger as vicious as it was undefined, I don't suppose they knew themselves. Their satisfaction was that they brought fear with them.

*Someone must have heard her screams, must have looked out a window, must have seen. But no one ever came forward to say so*

For the last time I drove back along the Avenue, down the long slope from Franklin Park. Great Blue Hill lay directly ahead on the horizon, the nipple of the weather observatory on its summit outlined against the grey sky. Just as I used to notice from the streetcar in my schooldays, Blue Hill seemed to recede into a kind of infinity as one moved downhill toward it. Blue Hill Avenue itself was empty, a scarecrow boulevard, like an artery drained of blood. I could see a planet over the dark hulk of the Lewenberg School, Venus or Jupiter I wasn't sure which. I knew then that, when everyone else had forgotten her, I should not forget Evelyn Wagler. I knew that I should not come that way again. □



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PROFIT SHARING

# A Proposal to Halt Inflation

MILDRED ADAMS

IF SOCIALISM is intellectually dead, as loss of interest in its major tenets implies, then it remains to play out the political consequences. The current inflation is the price of the resulting power struggle.

We are so close to the problem historically that we do not yet see that the battle for the free market is won. Labor is already weaned from socialist to capitalist concepts in all but name, and the power struggle referred to above is over the division of profits.

Our present inflation is the end result of wage costs having been pushed above market level by sophisticated labor organizations which have the political power to accomplish it. But wage increases above market level (which is productivity level) result only in higher prices (or unemployment), giving government no choice but to turn the money crank sufficiently to cover the price rises. The expansion of the money supply causes the inflation which is now proceeding at an ever accelerating rate.

Although the quantity of money determines both the fact of and the extent of an inflation, turning off the money supply suddenly will not stop an inflation without severe unemployment, unless the prices of all factors in the market are flexible—which is no longer true since labor has the power to push wages ever upward.

Nor can we as a matter of practical politics repeal the legislation which gives labor this power.

Nor will coercive wage and price controls stop the inflation.

Nor will voluntary price control work unless labor unions willingly control wages, which they will not do unless assured of receiving a satisfactory quid pro quo—which is the burden of this paper.

Nor could the government risk the reintroduction of a gold standard domestically, for this would provide individuals with a method of protection against inflation. If people could seek refuge in gold, it would effectively thwart the government's need to inflate for both political and statutory reasons.

The destruction of any nation's money through inflation has always been a device for the transfer of power from one group to another. Today the power struggle is seen as a struggle over the division of profits, and we can stop the inflation only by getting to the root of the problem.

To date free market theory has said that labor, land, and capital belong on one side, that all three are market factors which should depend on supply and demand only. On the other side, we have said, belong the entrepreneurs who are not limited by the forces of supply and demand, but may use their brains, will, and energy to control or increase their incomes.

By locating labor on the supply and demand side, we have made two errors. We have limited increases in productivity to the contribution that can be made by the better tools provided by capital. Second, by limiting labor's reward to both the size and timing provided by the impersonal forces of the market, we have made it the helpless pawn of forces beyond the power of its individual members to influence. We have dehumanized those involved.

With wages determined by supply and demand only, the worker's instincts are denied and his dignity as a man is offended. Bonding with others in powerful unions to achieve bargaining power has helped assuage his feeling of helplessness. Socialism, with the power of the state organized to enforce labor's demands, became a most appealing lure. All the damaging results of government intervention in the business of production were unknown to him. He reached blindly for what promised to be a solution to the problem of his restricted participation as an individual. As a result, our economy lost production, not only through government interference, but because the immense creativity of its workers was untapped.

Thus labor and capital seem to be at an impasse:

1. Labor insists that the root of the problem is the need for a better distribution of the wealth produced.

2. Capital insists that the on-going problem always has been and always will be how to achieve more wealth.

We are now in a position to see, if we will, that both labor and capital are both right and wrong. Labor is right to wish a better place at the table, but wrong not to see that government controls merely impede production, so that we end up with a smaller pie to divide. Capital is right to wish to increase production, so that there will be a continuously bigger pie to divide, but wrong not to see that labor cannot be made a beggar at the table where the pie is divided.

## *The Right and Wrong on Both Sides*

The solution outlined here brings together the right on both sides and eliminates the wrong on both sides. This proposal of a method to stop the inflation may be revolutionary in scope and in method of introduction, but it is not revolutionary in principle. The change might have come about, historically, a step at a time, if we had had more foresight. Now the inflation is such a severe threat to social order that we shall have to make the change all at once, on a national scale, if it is to serve the purpose of stopping the inflation. Here is the proposal in steps:

1. Wage increases need to be brought within productivity increases.

2. This is politically acceptable to labor only if productivity increases are sufficient to bring steadily increasing real wages (calculated in terms of what wages buy).

3. Productivity can be increased only by getting the full cooperation of labor.

4. Labor will cooperate fully only when it is given adequate incentive to do so.

5. Adequate incentive is the same for labor as it is for management or entrepreneurs. It consists of a cause and effect relationship between creative effort and reward. There is no other way to release the creative effort of human beings.

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6. Putting this principle to work in practical terms means profit sharing with the entire spectrum of workers included. This would release the pent-up energy and ingenuity of all echelons of people and rid them of their hostility toward management.

But, and this is of critical importance, profit sharing instituted on a company-by-company, step-at-a-time basis would *not* suffice to stop the inflation, because it could not affect the economy of the whole country. However, if instituted as a national policy, all at once, across the entire industrial and business community, it would stop the inflation—*not just slow its upward spiral, but stop it dead.*

Why would this simultaneous action stop the inflation? Because, with wages held within productivity levels, there would be no rationale for generally increasing prices, and therefore no necessity for the government to expand the money supply to cover the price rises. And it is the government's expansion of the money supply, and this alone, which causes inflation.

Of equally critical importance is that profit sharing *not* be imposed as a mandatory, across the board percentage of profit, determined at the government level or even at an industry level. Since an increase in productivity is the goal, it is essential that the incentive of profit sharing be geared to the increase in profits of the single company and appropriate to the circumstances of the business involved.

How about the issue of unemployment, which is almost as compelling as the inflation? Both problems have the same root. Although it is out of fashion to mention it, one of the most dependable phenomena of a free market is the unemployment of those whose wages have, by one means or another, risen too high for the service performed. Since we can depend on the market to perform reliably in regard to unemployment and its relationship to wages, we can expect that, when all labor is paid within the limits of its productivity, employment of all those wishing and able to work will soon become a reality.

When the great market crash of 1929 precipitated the great Depression, we were told that capitalism had failed, that the market system generated booms and busts which would destroy us all if we did not institute government controls. This advice we have followed with the inevitable result that, because man resents controls and seeks loopholes, one government control necessitates another and we are now threatened with total wage and price control.

## *Did Capitalism Fail?*

But did capitalism fail? Does the market system generate booms and busts? No, it was the government's expansion and its subsequent contraction of the money supply that caused the trouble in the great crash. And the prescription urged on us was more of the same medicine that had poisoned us.

However ill advised the cure, we need to understand that labor *did* have a just cause which provoked the massive political involvement in the determination of wages. It is a bitter lesson, learning that inflation is not the way for the workingman to identify with capitalism.

Capitalism is the only new economic system. It is barely an infant as history goes and our modern market system is still evolving. To date, it has been only a partial system in the sense that its entrepreneurial aspects, which operate on incentive motivation, have involved only a minority of the populace. The very large majority are still hirelings who see our system as little different from any other economic system. It is no wonder that there has been little popular appeal in capitalism as an idea.

We have been denying ourselves full use of the *one* most valuable characteristic of our system, incentive as the key to productivity. Every human being needs partnership in the enterprise to which he chooses to devote his energies, once he has been accepted as a member of that enterprise.

In order to facilitate the transition of the market into an all-inclusive system, we need a method of removing wages from politics that will make the labor legislation irrelevant, and this proposal (with its specifics) is designed to accomplish that end by substituting an effective and lasting solution for the impasse created by that legislation.

Profit sharing is not new in America; over one hundred thousand companies have profit-sharing plans. A recent study by the Profit Sharing Research Foundation of a number of our largest retail chains showed superior performance in every respect of the profit-sharing companies over the non-profit-sharing companies in the years 1952 to 1969. Especially encouraging was that the longer the plans had been in operation, the wider the margin between the success of the profit-sharing companies over the non-profit-sharing companies. This means employee security in the job as well as employee and stockholder profits.

At high union levels there is an acute awareness that further straight wage rises are becoming increasingly self-defeating. There is growing realization that the strike weapon can permanently destroy jobs, and that the future of the unions lies in becoming constructive agents as far as profits are concerned. Further, there is impressive evidence that unions can contribute to helping their members become more productive.

If instituted simultaneously over the country at large in order to stop the inflation, basic wages (before profit sharing) would need to start at the present levels, so that economic contraction would occur. But all future increases in pay (at least until the inflation was only a memory) would need to be based solely and directly on (and be proportionate to) increases in productivity and its resulting increase in profits. As long as the purpose remains killing inflation, profit sharing would not mean sharing ownership or deferred plans (although the option to purchase shares at a discount should always remain open to employees), but, specifically, *the sharing of current net profit.* This would focus the problem on increasing productivity (and profits) for everyone from top to bottom.

It would probably take a year (conceivably quite a bit longer) before the general increase in productivity over the country began to push prices downward. But a halt in the general rise in prices would start the day the program was instituted.

Stockholders could take heart that this would be good news for them. The shared profits would come out of increased profits, which would also mean increased dividends. Profit sharing is not a cost of operation and does not enter into company overhead and pricing. It can be calculated to take effect only after an adequate rate of return has been supplied to the stockholder.

Once inflation is ended, profit sharing can be converted from just the sharing, in cash, of current net profit into deferred plans or combination cash and deferred benefits. It can become participation in company ownership, sav-



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ings, a retirement plan, termination pay, a loan in distress, or a down payment on a home. All of these options are now working with success.

Profit sharing would provide the grand alternative to Karl Marx, who wanted to destroy private ownership and deny man's need to own things. Capitalism should provide the reverse: individual ownership for everyone, paid for out of his own productivity and in proportion to it.

What if some companies didn't produce enough profits? Then the capital invested is obviously in the wrong enterprise or a new management is needed. A consistent lack of profits is the free market's method, even now, of signaling a need to shift the capital to more profitable uses. When an enterprise becomes outdated there is no choice but to scrap it. This never happens to a large number at one time.

How about federal, state, and municipal employees? The free market will transfer the pay level of private industry to these workers. For instance, if workers begin leaving government because they can earn more in private business, the governments at various levels will have to raise pay (current or deferred) to hold personnel. The same economic laws will determine the wages of all other workers where the employer has no profit.

How could such a far-reaching change as universal profit sharing, really revolutionary in scope, be instituted? The question of overriding importance, of course, is whether it could be initiated without government force. Government force to accomplish any end is anathema to those who see man as a creature of self-chosen purpose. This view translates into the principle that moral suasion is the only justifiable goad to action.

With the low estate to which confidence in government's ability to solve people's problems has sunk, the initiative is naturally beginning to pass into the hands of organizations that depend on voluntary cooperation for their effectiveness. Government coercion is becoming suspect at long last. If this is so, it is to be hoped that conversion from straight wages to a wage base plus profits could be accomplished by negotiation between unions and employers, and between employees and employers, as far as specifics are concerned, with a target date for the inauguration of the program set far enough in advance to accommodate the negotiations.

In presenting the program to the country, one of our greatest assets might turn out to be our labor leaders. If they were invited to share a series of television programs with the President and with the leaders of both parties in Congress, their influence with the members of their unions might be the deciding factor in a successful launching. Some of the corporate chairmen with practical experience in piloting their own organizations to success with profit sharing should also be included in the programs. Their enthusiasm for what profit sharing accomplishes in employee satisfaction and its resulting increase in productivity is inspirational.

An educational approach might prove to be persuasive. Workers need to understand the other ways in which profits should be divided with stockholders and with customers in the form of better prices. We all need to know about the capital that companies must retain for renewal and growth.

## *Interim Devices*

What kind of short term devices and tax credits would it be justifiable to use?

1. A wage freeze for one year or for the period of time necessary to facilitate conversion. The freeze would be on wages only, not on pay increases derived from increased profits. Since the workers would be sharing any profits due to any price rises, the control of wages only (until conversion had been accomplished and inflation had ceased) would not be a one-sided penalty on workers. Another advantage would be that the price mechanism of the market could function, as it always does when free, to increase production in those areas in which prices were rising, thereby holding down prices in the only way which is effective.

2. Government workers, and other employees where profit sharing would be an unworkable procedure or where either the company or the employees did not opt for profit sharing, would be compensated (during the wage freeze) as follows: They would participate in the national increase in productivity by basing their increases in pay on a national average percentage increase in income due to profit sharing, calculated at the end of the year and applied retroactively. For those on private payrolls, this procedure would last only until the conversion was accomplished. As far as government employees are concerned, the procedure would serve additionally as a trial model to key the largely nonproductive public sector to the productivity of the private sector.

3. Possible abolition of the investment tax credit to corporations for two reasons. First, as a method of retrieving revenue to assist in enabling the tax credit for conversion to profit sharing to be large enough to be effective without affecting the level of government revenue during such an historic transition. Second, because the tax investment credit fosters excess investment in the final stages of an inflationary boom.

4. The granting of a tax credit to all kinds of business for conversion to profit sharing. This should be *as large a credit as is necessary to be effective*, and it should be continued for as long as is necessary to accomplish its purpose. This would need to be integrated with existing legislation that exempts income paid to workers as shared profit.

5. If it could be worked out equitably, a special premium in the form of no income taxes on an individual's increases due to profit sharing. This would compound the incentive on this money. It might prove a most interesting feature to labor.

It is a sure thing that inflation as a method of increasing wages has failed, and that the incentive method should prove more rewarding for all. □



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GERHART NIEMEYER

# What Happened to Morality?

SURELY, if anything can be called central to human society, it is morality, what the Greeks called *dike*, "justice": the rightness of social proportions, the measure of human actions. The things that have happened to our morality are truly astonishing, and don't tell me they are "just change—everything changes."

Have you noticed how our penal system tends to ignore the moral character of human actions by denying the responsibility of their author, in the act also depriving him of his stature as a rational creature? Our courts incline more and more to treat crime not as a choice of wrong over right but rather as a sickness, something which social conditions, weather conditions, chemical conditions, or what have you, have foisted on a person. Superficially this looks like an enlightened, merciful approach. Actually, these enlightened people degrade a criminal from the rank of a man capable of choice to that of a helpless object, to be manipulated by social workers, psychiatrists, penologists. The Soviets are in the habit of putting away their political opponents in insane asylums, of using Pavlovian conditioning to instill in living human beings that labor discipline and devotion to the Party which their utopia requires. Much more slowly, we too are heading in that direction, by divorcing punishment from moral desert, wielding it rather as a compulsive device of social planning, so that the individual person is turned into an unwilling tool for social ends. The removal of the moral substance from court verdicts is also indicated by the trend from "no fault" collision to "no fault" divorce. Can "no fault" murder be far behind?

On the other hand, the fad today is a moral overscrupulousness, albeit not with regard to our own actions but rather to the social system as a whole. There we insist on standards of absolute perfection. We go to ridiculous lengths in having an appointee to high office prove himself clean of any past flaw. We feel that the President should be impeached for even the suspicion of wrongdoing. We measure the historical real nation against our impatient dreams of a "world without war," a "world without prejudice," a "world of perfect justice," a "world of true freedom." This excessive moralism in condemning the whole puts each judging individual on the throne of instant righteousness, as all blame is laid on "the system," the "sick society," "capitalism," "imperialism," "the Establishment"—all of them epithets, you will note—while the blaming person glows in the halo of moral purity.

IN ALL the written record of humanity so far, morality has addressed itself to the individual entity of will and conscience, of sensibility and reason. Two currents have fed the moral tradition of the West: the Greek teaching about virtue and the Judaic teaching of righteousness. Virtue, said Aristotle, is a state of character acquired by habit, thus a personal achievement. The Old Testament, in addition to the Decalogue, is most succinct: "What does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah); and the New Testament likewise begins with "thou": "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matthew). In this generation, however, being good is taken to mean "involving yourself in a social cause." Without benefit of authority, a new set of commandments has emerged, like this: Thou shalt support the UN. Thou shalt not eat grapes. Thou shalt steal draft records. Thou shalt refrain from lettuce. Thou shalt disrupt national party conventions. Thou shalt denounce everybody else on behalf of the environment. Thou shalt picket the White House. Thou shalt dress in an outrageous manner. Thou shalt embrace thy country's enemies. No more virtue or character; the person is relevant only as part of an impersonal cause to which goodness is attributed simply because the world is first defined as wholly bad. Thus morality becomes identified with protest, revolution, and terrorism, and courts and leaders of society become confused.

Finally, we have those who seek a substitute for morality which they call "emancipation," untrammeled freedom, and who want to "bring about the downfall of Western civilization and the Judaeo-Christian ethic," as a poor benighted girl denuding herself in public put it the other day. "Emancipation" is of course tantamount to the rejection of any moral norm, its course usually along the line of least resistance and greatest destructive effect, which is through the norms of sexual morality. Licentiousness puts on the garb of a pretended higher law. "Emancipation" is what the Manson girls manifested when they ate dinner in the same room in which they had just dispatched their victims; and when one of the girls stuck her fork into a corpse, this action was loudly acclaimed by Bernardine Dohrn as "wild!" Hans Jonas put his finger on the underlying logic: "The idea that in sinning something like a program has to be completed, a due rendered as the price of ultimate freedom, is the strongest doctrinal reinforcement of the libertinistic tendency inherent in gnostic religion and turns it into a positive prescription of immoralism" (*The Gnostic Religion*).

IN SOBER fact, morality still remains the yardstick of personal action, and a global verdict on the whole of society can be presumed only if one is willing to begin with oneself, in the spirit of Isaiah's confession: "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Where mankind is sinful, everyone must include himself in the blame and disclaim the right to sit as judge over all. It is also true, in sober fact, that in the midst of much human evil, good is always found in many ways, and that under all and any circumstances a person has the choice between acting from self-will or from love of the Good. □

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# Monopolies and Antitrust

BRUCE P., a freshman in college, tells me that his economics professor has promised that he'll prove that free markets would lead to general unemployment and uncontrolled inflation. Bruce suspects that the professor will center his argument on the "natural tendency of free markets to monopoly" and the "necessity of antitrust legislation." He asks: "Help!" Glad to oblige.

The most common definition or measurement of "monopoly" is *degree of concentration* in an industry. There are many fundamental objections to this line of argument.

1. Concentration ratios for a given industry say nothing about competition among the factors in the industry. If five firms handle 70 per cent of the business and divide it equally among themselves, that's one thing. If they divide that 70 per cent in shares of 40, 20, 5, 3, and 2 per cent, that's different. In the latter case an increase in concentration might actually increase the intensity of competition. If the degree of concentration in one industry may or may not indicate the intensity of competition, it follows that the same degree of concentration in two different industries may or may not mean the same thing. Therefore the merely arithmetical exercise of averaging the percentages of all industries in order to get a degree of concentration for the whole economy won't produce a statistic that means very much.

2. Concentration figures don't describe the actual conditions of specific markets. One firm with 70 per cent of sales may face intense competition in all of its markets.

3. Concentration ratios may overstate the actual degree of concentration when the major factors are diversified in other industries. A firm may handle 70 per cent of the sales in one industry but derive 80 per cent of its profits from a different industry. The larger the firm, the more likely to be diversified.

4. Concentration ratios are too often based on arbitrary groupings of industries and companies. In 1969 the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability released data on 213 industries, arbitrarily ignoring another 200 industries classified by the Census of Manufacturers. The reason for omitting half of the companies and industries was that in those industries the companies were putting out product lines vastly different from earlier years, destroying comparability data over time. But that simply biases the results in favor of older, established, more concentrated industries, once again magnifying the statistics without adding to knowledge.

5. Studies of concentration too often include foreign assets and nonindustrial assets held by domestic firms. If these assets are included in studies of concentration in domestic markets, obviously the results will be overstated.

6. Concentration ratios dealing with domestic firms overstate the degree of concentration and understate the degree of competition when they ignore the effect of imports.

7. Concentration ratios ignore the existence of second-hand markets. But in many industries the second-hand market is every bit as large as the market for original manufactures.

8. Concentration ratios are concerned with manufacturing activities and therefore ignore the great bulk of economic activity in America. Manufacturing accounts for about 29 per cent of our total economic activity. Concentration in the remaining 71 per cent is of doubtful significance, for that remainder is heavy in such things as retailing, construction, entertainment, real estate, and business services, where concentration is hardly the cause of insufficient competition. Indeed, an increase in concentration in some of these areas might drop the cost to the ultimate consumer.

9. There is very little actual evidence that competition has given way to concentration and monopoly over the years. Joseph W. McGuire in *Business and Society* indicates that competition became rougher and rougher between 1865 and 1897. Nutter finds no trend to greater concentration between 1899 and 1939. Others report the same findings for periods up to 1968 and 1969.

10. Concentration may occur in order to increase the degree of competition. Small coal companies might merge in order to streamline their operations, cut their prices, and compete more strongly against the oil companies.

11. Concentration must not be considered as the result of a plan or goal of industry. Often it may occur as a result of genuine popular demand for a product. If, instead of talking about the auto industry, we talk about personal vehicles, we find that the auto makers have steadily taken over all the markets of the buggy makers. As between autos and buggies the range of choice may very well have been reduced from the standpoint of the consumer; but this need not mean that his total satisfactions have been reduced. And even if we should allow that value judgment, we must still acknowledge that the "choice" was made by the consumer. In that case he is hardly to be thought of as the victim of a conniving cartel. Instead it is the consumer who, by his purchasing decisions, has concentrated the industry along lines he desires.

12. If business naturally tends toward monopoly in order to maximize profits, then we should expect business to oppose antitrust legislation with all its power. Instead, business has discovered that the natural result of freedom is more and more competition, and it has been business itself that has asked for, and received, governmental regulation. The real bogeyman is not any unprovable monopoly arising in free-market conditions but the very visible present monopolies formed by an unholy alliance between big government and big business. Okay, Bruce? Good luck! □

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These arguments are all drawn from a wonderful study published in 1972, *The Myths of Antitrust*, by D. T. Armentano (Arlington House). Other references include: Joseph W. McGuire, *Business and Society* (McGraw-Hill); G. Warren Nutter, *The Extent of Enterprise Monopoly in the United States, 1899-1939* (University of Chicago); Joe S. Bain, *Industrial Organization* (Wiley); R. L. Nelson, *Concentration in the Manufacturing Industries of the United States* (Yale).



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RUSSELL KIRK

# Robert Frost: No Ideologue

THE POLITICAL PROPHET of modern times, as Robert Frost put it, declares that "My truth will bind you slave to me." Frost himself never was enchained by ideology. A very good succinct study of the poet's political and social convictions has been written by Dr. Peter Stanlis—a little book or fat pamphlet of 84 pages, with pictures, *Robert Frost: The Individual and Society*. This can be obtained for $2 from Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois, where Dr. Stanlis is chairman of the English Department.

In practical politics, Frost was a Democrat—a conservative Democrat. Among his friends was Louis Untermeyer, a Marxist. "Leave the evils that can be remedied or even palliated," Frost wrote once to Untermeyer. "You are of an age now to face essential Hell. Cease from the optimism as much that makes good as that sees good. Come with me into the place of tombs and outer darkness."

Although his private troubles were like Job's, Frost was filled with an apprehension of the wonder of life, which sustained him to the end; and he possessed that strong sense of humor frequently encountered in melancholy men. His social convictions were consistent enough from his youth to extreme old age. Untermeyer summed up one of them in 1959:

"He is still against One World, World Federalism, Universal Brotherhood, the breaking down of barriers in the interest of Oneness; he is unalterably against One anything. You may quote him to the effect that 'Something there is that does not love a wall,' but you can be sure that he much prefers the opposed quotation that 'Good fences make good neighbors.' He insists on Nature's divisions and differences; 'In art, as in nature, too, we want all the differences we can get. In society, too. We want people and nations to maintain their differences—even at the risk of trouble, even at the risk of fighting one another.' "

Peter Stanlis knew Frost fairly well and includes in this little study sentences from some of his conversations with the poet; eventually Dr. Stanlis will publish a fat book about Frost, on which he has been working for two decades. It is not Frost the "nature poet" with whom Stanlis is concerned —because Frost wasn't a nature poet. His real theme was the complexity and diversity of *human* nature. Frost himself said, "I have written only two poems without a human being in them."

Frost dissented altogether from Carl Sandburg's faith in an abstract People. There exist real people, persons; but there is no more justification for crying "The People, Yes!" than for shouting "The People, No!" Once we begin to speak of people in the abstract, Frost believed, we begin to treat them abstractly—that is, unjustly.

"For God's sake, don't talk about the poor all the time!" Frost once told some humanitarian liberal friends. He had known poverty often himself, and did not hate it, nor pity the poor abstractly. Frost was not taking the Lord's name in vain; doubtless he thought then of Christ's declaration that the poor we have always with us—and that they are especially blessed. The poor to whom Jesus referred, the poor of Roman times, were not the destitute, but rather the obscure, the powerless, the humble people who rendered unto Caesar what was Caesar's. Frost knew the same sort of folk in twentieth century New England. "Poverty has done so much good in this way [stimulating men to achieve against odds] in the world," Frost wrote on another occasion, "that I should hesitate to abolish it." The poor never will be able to work a truly reforming revolution, he argued: A leveling revolution, if successful, would only homogenize mankind "so that the cream could never rise again."

Robert Frost was no anarchist: He believed most firmly in the American political order, which reconciles justice and freedom. Indeed government exists to promote the general welfare. But, as Stanlis points out, "He believed that every loss in personal freedom was a loss in individual self-sufficiency, and a corresponding gain for collectivist paternalism and totalitarian government." Professor Stanlis expresses succinctly Frost's rejection of Giant Ideology:

"Frost clearly distrusted political ideology as a speculative science aimed at establishing theoretical perfection in society, because he regarded politics as a part of practical reason, as the art of the possible. Therefore he doubted that men's greatest social problems—distributive justice versus freedom and order, and poverty, crime, war, and ignorance—ever have final or absolute solutions. At best, through government and other institutions, men applied palliatives and secured partial and temporary solutions to these constant problems."

My friend Mr. Paul Roche, English poet and translator of the classical poets, says that every member of every political cabinet should be compelled to listen to the advice of some poet, who would be appointed to wake or chasten that particular politician's imagination. For the true poet is more sensible than are the captains and the kings. It is interesting to speculate on what great national blunders might have been averted, had Robert Frost been appointed President Kennedy's privy counselor, rather than merely the performing poet at the Kennedy inauguration. I once commended the prose works of T. S. Eliot to President Nixon. The armed vision of the two principal American poets of this time held in contempt the "terrible simplifiers" who would perfect the People—and abolish the person. □

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# Arts & Manners

## The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

## Atrocity Jane

It's homecoming. The old grads assemble: class of '69, '70, '71. Jane brings them out. Reminiscence and deep embraces on the Washington Square Church stoop. "Terry? She cut her hair. Tom's teaching in Colorado. Sexual Politics." The girls jerk stringy hair back from their eyes; men suck beard pieces, a sort of pacifier. Bashful, oblique glances. They're so sincere, they stutter. The movement recruits minority groups and wallflowers. You can understand radicalism socially. It's cheaper than a Grossinger's singles weekend.

The handout says "200,000 Political Prisoners Held in Thieu Jails." You'd think governments would learn: Never persecute a round number. Curbside there's an old Ford van, cabinetry for Jane's closed circuit TV film. The newest technological crime: libel by editing-room crosscut. Goes like this—Auschwitz, Wounded Knee, Nixon's face, bombs, unspecified corpse, Kissinger's face, Mylai, marines raising a Bank Americard on Mount Suribachi. Mental body counts. One Oriental slugs another Oriental. Was that filmed in Saigon? Or in an East Village loft? Can't tell your gooks without a program. The flick is inconclusive, stupid. Inevitable still photos of Vietnamese children, popeyed, afraid. I see the same faces around me. Children—two, three, four year olds: one year olds papoosed—children nursed and kindergartened at demonstrations, in all weathers, to all hours. Since we're talking about atrocities.

The old Communist hawks *Daily Worlds*; his left hip is disjointed, gimpy from four decades of humping news bundles. He gives a freebie to the young lady hawking *Winter Soldier*. She reciprocates; professional courtesy. I end up with maybe thirty assorted sheets. Silent spring in another hundred acres of forest. Vietnam Vets handout: "Conditions . . . have not improved though the U.S. military supposidially [sic] no longer occupies Vietnam . . . come to the entrance of the Bronx Zoo where we'll be putting on guerilla [gorilla?] theater." *Indochina Bulletin, Formerly The War Bulletin*: "Living conditions in jail are a continuous round of beating . . . 100 per cent are sick . . . 99.5 per cent crippled due to torture." Half a per cent off for balanced reporting. The pitch is elegiac and desperate. "If those who helped bring the war this close to its end fail to see the final obstacles to peace, many of our accomplishments may be lost." "Today, the U.S. antiwar movement once again finds itself unable to lead mass opposition." Some clown went and gave peace a chance. They are now, no more no less, warmongers.

INSIDE. The tall nave is painted chocolate mousse, a Methodist color. Day-Glo revolutionary flags reprieve vision. Bareness, with rococo ornamentation, like an old vaudeville palace reduced to showing X films. For half an hour Jane's crew tries to plug in the audio. Infants whine, cranky; the good crowd is restless. One man groans, "The movement never did understand electricity." Finally the show is on. A young man dedicates his nice folk song "To the 300,000 political prisoners in South Vietnam." Up 100,000 already; a go-go stock. Holly Near sings "no more genocide." Must make Thieu glad: By definition he couldn't commit genocide without pulling the mass grave in behind him.

POW Bob Chenowith is on: looks like Mr. Peepers after a series of testosterone shots. Five years' imprisonment has made him boring. His speech is stilted—inasmuch as, inasmuch as—and packed with inventories: "Prisoners ate twice what an average North Vietnamese family ate and had one mosquito net and three blankets." Locomotive cheering across West Fourth Street. YAF has stage-managed a scrubby counterdemonstration. Four young men, one cardboard box labeled "American Flag Kit," and a shapeless effigy of Hanoi Jane. "We will have a procession and then we will hang Jane Fonda, pouring blood over her." I am sympathetic but not much impressed. If three's a crowd, four must be a procession.

Jean-Pierre Debris, a French schoolteacher, gives your standard thirty-minute torture talk. Credentials: two years plus in the Saigon penal system for waving an NLF flag. Tactless. Debris anatomizes the human body, from extremities inward, to the predictable breasts, wombs, genital organs. His hands act out charades of torment; he enunciates with sensual, salivary precision through a Maurice Chevalier accent. It's purposeless; it dulls. One is embarrassed for Debris: pathological enthusiasms come through. President Thieu probably isn't much interested in rehabilitation or prison arts and crafts.

I accept that; without astonishment. In times of revolutionary violence, bankrolled by half the world's Communist nations, gentleness is somewhat inefficient.

Jane. Dressed à la chinoise. Still, a star. The only star they have. But it's wrong: The ballsy, broad voice seems hesitant and confused. "And so I think . . . and so I think . . ." Jane's hands crochet air, wandering off with her mind. Two weeks on the road and her show still isn't ready for a New York opening. "I've heard people say it's dead here. Well perhaps you haven't

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**Priscilla L. Buckley** *is NR's frankly sainted managing editor.*



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read any Vietnamese poetry." Perhaps not. Her face swoops down to the mouth. I have a weakness for women with long cheekbones. If I were a child again, I'd dream of rescuing her from fires, floods, radical movements. But I'm not a child and it's too late. They're going to use her up, a fullback with forty carries per game. She says, "We must make Thieu's prisoners the one burning, inescapable moral issue in this country. Or we'll see another massive conflict."

How's your ear? Eighteen months ago they told us President Thieu would fall when the American soldiers left South Vietnam. I kind of believed them; *NR* expected bloodbaths. But Jane's national tour, the prisoner angle, can only mean one thing: good news from West Fourth Street. Thieu is surviving. Comfortably. □

# THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

## Our Town

Washington, D.C., my new home, has obligingly been a more eventful theater town than New York in the early weeks of this season, although the Capital is more prone to create the Cultural Event than exciting theater on its limousined opening nights. At the Kennedy Center, several weeks of theater, music, ballet, and film were produced for the series "Shakespeare and the Performing Arts." Then Ford's Theater (where Lincoln was shot—now restored as a working theater) premiered a play it commissioned to begin the bicentennial celebrations, a play called *The American Revolution: Part I.* More substantial than these, however, is the Arena Stage Company's production of two plays it recently performed in Moscow, under the sponsorship of the State Department's Cultural Exchange Program.

The plays selected were *Our Town* and *Inherit the Wind*—thematic and somewhat romantic choices, and perhaps even a little tired. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, staged in our times, is likely to seem more a nostalgic American retrospective than it was created to be in 1938, sentimental though it is: its Stage Manager and its scenery-less settings—suggestive ladders and chairs against a bare backstage wall—no longer serve to provide the anti-illusionistic frame that once helped make Grover's Corners, N.H. such a matter-of-fact microcosm. Audiences today are familiar with the freest of staging forms (such as Arena's) and the freer dramatic forms which this play helped to encourage. In 1973 the ladders on which George Gibbs and Emily Webb sit in the moonlight have been prettily trimmed by designer Ming Cho Lee with the dark, polished rails and spindles of another, cozier era. And high in the background, Lee has suspended spoke-backed chairs, pendulum clocks, and oval frames as in a recent exhibit of early Americana at the Yale Art Gallery. As audiences seek out the fond and comfortable moments, the play becomes more of a romantic reverie than a metaphor for patterns of the American experience. The Arena production is serviceable, aside from the too professionally precocious renderings of George and Emily. Alan Schneider staged the work sensitively. As the Stage Manager, Arena veteran Robert Prosky presided nicely over the sometimes mellow, sometimes cloying evocation of "the way we were in the provinces north of New York at the beginning of the twentieth century." In Moscow the play reportedly suffered from the poor, improvised translation audiences heard through earphones. The more melodramatic and schematic *Inherit the Wind*, familiar to the Russian public in translation and through the Spencer Tracy-Fredric March film, fared better.

The Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee play (1955) rather baldly milks the drama of the Scopes trial and the William Jennings Bryan-Clarence Darrow confrontation over Darwin *v.* the Bible in a Tennessee Bible Belt town. The issue apparently fascinates Ivan, for in addition to the previous exposures, the Moscow Art Theater has been planning its own production of the play for next year. But then Ivan seldom sees open confrontations on issues of religious or intellectual freedom, especially in his courtrooms; Soviet officialdom must be satisfied that the issues are uniquely American. Playing Henry Drummond (Darrow), Dana Elcar, a familiar if bland face on many major television series, creates the production's most thoughtful performance —if too understated. Prosky's Matthew Harrison Brady (Bryan) never gets to the fear beneath the Fundamentalist hot air. There is some hollow acting in the supporting roles and director Fichandler has somewhat overcontrived the Americana context of Hillsboro, Tennessee. In all, Arena's visit to Russia is better as Event than it was as theater. Perhaps next time it can be both.

It was Paul Sills, widely known and respected for his improvisational *Story Theater,* whom Ford's Theater commissioned to create a bicentennial theater piece. His *American Revolution: Part I* was accompanied by much hoopla about saving American history from the boring textbooks, but by the middle of the second act not even Paul Revere could keep us awake. The synopsis read "Part One—The Stamp Act Crisis, 1765; Part Two—The Celebration at Repeal, March '68; Part Three —Action and Reaction; Part Four—The Abduction of The Liberty . . . Part Eight—The Boston Massacre"—and that was only Act I. Leave now and you miss the Boston Tea Party. These incidents were skeletalized down to often incomprehensible three- or four-minute skits interlarded with clay-mouthed dialogue by Arnold Weinstein. ("Our forefathers' legacy to us was to fight this revolution." "True.") Obvious to point out, one would think, the matter that counts—the humanity of the Adamses, Hancock, James Otis, or Joseph Warren was considerably slighted in the pogo-stick coverage of the dramatic peaks of those years. Sills has reduced the revolution to so much Yankee Doodle drivel, seemingly aimed at slow eighth grade audiences—which it will probably tour forever, or at least until Parts II and III are created in 1975 and '76. □

# TRAVEL

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

## Fifty Miles on the Oxford Canal

It's the narrow boat *Forget Me Not*, 70 feet long, 7 feet 6 inches wide, a vision in black and red, with roses, red, yellow, and pink, on its shutters, a gaily painted rudder, its brasses gleaming in the muted British sun, inching its way along the Oxford Canal behind a certain sainted junior senator and a buxom,



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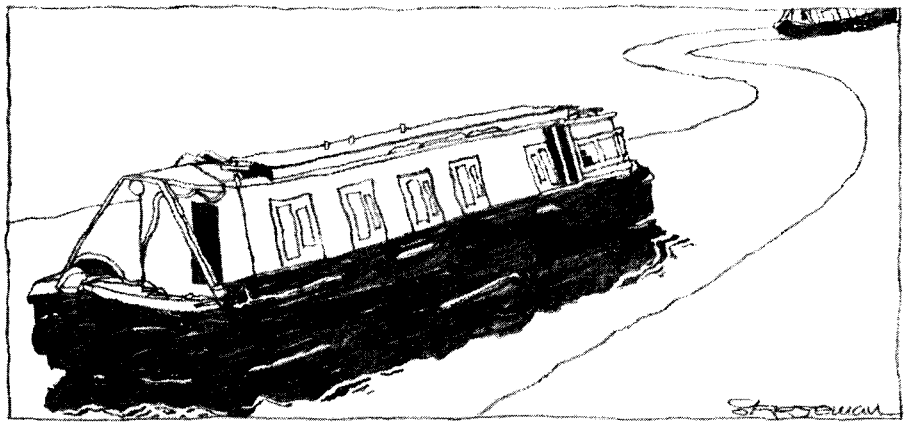
lighthearted, irrepressible 21-year-old English schoolteacher, Jennie. The bowline stretches taut across their shoulders. Striding ahead, with giant steps, is George Stone, genial head of the math department at Hotchkiss School, a round white sailing hat nesting in his reddish hair about six and a half feet up. Following in close order, their short legs working pistonlike to keep up, are two of the sainted senator's sainted sisters, junior and senior. Together they and George go to prepare the way for *Forget Me Not* which is just now about to crash into the lock gates, sainted junior senator and cohort having woefully underestimated the inertial force they had set into motion. But the day is saved. Priscilla and Jane



rush ahead, lean their [not inconsiderable—Ed.] weights against the big black-and-white balance beam, and the gates swing open. The other Jane, at the tiller seventy feet back, skillfully straightens her out, and *FMN* slips in with three inches to spare on either side. Back go the gates and the narrow boat is now as neatly packaged in its cage of wood and stone as a bronco in a rodeo chute. It's George's moment.

THE mighty Stone slips his winch handle (it's called a windlass here) on the spindle and starts to crank. The action is stiff; it is often all George can do to move it, but as he cranks and the paddle starts up, it becomes easier. In pours a yellow-brown torrent and the 70-foot *Forget Me Not* rises, airy as thistledown on the imprisoned waters, coming up eight, ten, twelve feet, however far it must, to reach the level of the upper canal. We open the gates in front. Pull Jim, faster Jennie. George and Co. close the gates behind and let the paddles down.

The crew looks anxiously ahead. Where, oh where is the *Mabel*? The *Mabel* is our mother ship, and the source of many delights. What she has that the *Forget Me Not* has not is a) a bar, b) a pushbutton toilet, c) a shower (with the weirdest sound effects this side of Donald Duck), and d) a motor. But Captain Tony Lincoln, mate (and culinary wizard) Doris Lincoln, and the rest are nowhere in sight. We're going through a series of locks at Claydon Top Lock that will raise the narrow boats 30 feet 6 inches in half a mile or so, and Tony hasn't thought it worth while to wait for his "butty boat." So it's tote that barge, senator. Pull that rope, Jennie. Man that windlass, George. And Jane and Priscilla, aren't you glad that two full years ago you plunked down $192 to secure your berths on the *Mabel* and *Forget Me Not*, for August 17-25, 1973?

We are, but how to explain it.

In seven days we will go fifty or so miles, from Oxford to Long Buckby (you could drive it in 45 minutes). The speed limit on the canal is 4 mph (but we will never attain it). We saw no cathedrals, no vast and breathtaking panoramas, not even a hidden jewel of a fourteenth century church.

But at 8:00 one morning, walking through the silent and almost empty stone village of Somerton we saw a tiny bride, white shoes, long dress, long veil and all, wave goodbye to her mother and trot across the green to her best friend's house. At King's Sutton, we ran across an unfriendly lockkeeper's wife who charged out of her flower-beautiful house to secure the chain on a gate on *her* side of the lock that Jodie Stone and Ann Buckley had inadvertently walked through. Private, said the sign, and private she glared. And that was the sum of the unpleasantness we encountered in seven days, and all it did was make us laugh. But not as hard, to be sure, as we laughed when Ann and Jodie—well, they do pride themselves on how fit they are—failed to budge the *Forget Me Not*, no matter how they bent their backs to the task, until George, ever helpful, ever the gentleman, suggested they first untie the stern line. We saw, hanging inside the sixteenth century church at Cropredy, armor dropped by Cromwellian soldiers three and half centuries earlier when they failed to break through a smaller force of Cavaliers guarding the approaches to Oxford. And at Shifton, on the base of a large stone cross, were deep creases where the Crusaders were said to have sharpened their swords before heading for the Holy Land (or, at any rate, Constantinople).

PRIOR'S HARDWICK, *Nicolson's Guide to the Waterways* informed us, was one of many villages in the area that had been deserted after the Black Death (circa 1350 A.D.). To reach it we clambered up the river bank, walked through a long field, up and down over the ridges and furrows left from medieval plowing, climbed a barbed-wire fence—the one on the left as *Nicolson* told us—and found—as *Nicolson* said we would—a dirt road, and followed it, still uphill (Jane by now is grumbling, Jodie asserts we're lost) to Prior's Hardwick which, after a prolonged convalescence (circa four hundred years) is now alive and kicking, in a modest British sort of way. A couple of cyclists are talking to a young man mowing the thirteenth (partly) century church's lawn. In due course we and the cyclists (an American couple from Stanford University and their young sons) repair to the Butcher's Arms for a companionable half pint, which is served by the late mower of lawns in his capacity as co-owner of the pub.

In the evening, moored along the towpath and "breasted up," which is to say tied up side by side (if the canal width permits), we perch around the open lounge of the *Mabel* and the mathematical George computes how many of the up to 16 small ice cubes the *Mabel*'s mighty fridge churns out each and every 24 hours each of us may have. (When the number is uneven, Jane gets the extra because Jane cares most, and, close quarters or not, we all care that Jane cares, that's the kind of trip it is.) We talk, and watch. A fat river rat swims across the canal just ahead from bank to bank in un-

*(Continues on page 1313)*



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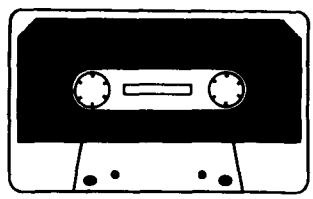

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# BOOKS

## What about the Dardanelles?

HARRY V. JAFFA

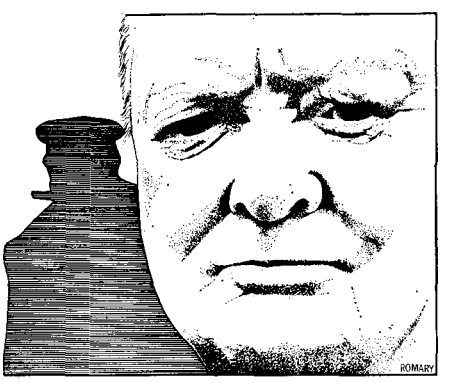
*Winston S. Churchill, Volume III, The Challenge of War: 1914-1916*
*By Martin Gilbert*
*Houghton, 988 pp., $15*

*Winston S. Churchill, Companion Volume III, July 1914-December 1916, Parts I and II*
*Edited by Martin Gilbert*
*Houghton, 1,685 pp., $37.50*

When Randolph Churchill died in 1968, having completed only the first two volumes of his father's life (to 1914), the role of official biographer of the late Sir Winston Churchill passed to his research assistant, Martin Gilbert. Gilbert is a young scholar, still in his thirties, but already established as among the most distinguished of a new breed of extraordinarily well trained professional historians coming from the school of A. J. P. Taylor. Among Gilbert's earlier works is one entitled *The Appeasers* (with Richard Gott), another, *The Roots of Appeasement*, and still another, *The European Powers: 1900-1945*. Gilbert is also the author of a fine series of historical atlases, and his home in Oxford is called The Map House. All this indicates a preoccupation with themes and vocations eminently Churchillian. Still, the change in tone accompanying the change in authorship is striking and profound. It was not possible for Gilbert to retain the epigraph that Randolph Churchill, borrowing from Lockhart, had chosen for his work: "He shall be his own biographer."

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had found an unusual tone in writing about his father's childhood and early career, which involved writing about his grandparents and their circle as well. Notwithstanding the undoubted filial (and familial) piety, there was a certain amused detachment, a kind of robust enjoyment of a remarkable spectacle, free from petty partisanship in regard to issues and personalities of a distant past. Scattered through Sir Winston's own writings as the years rolled on were certain wry observations about the younger Winston. It was the spirit of these, rather than the elaborate self-justifications of the later years, by which Randolph seemed to be guided. Still, when the work fell from his hands, the tales of world-shattering events and cosmic quarrels were yet to be told.

It is said that once, in debate in the House, Sir Winston retorted to a critic, "We'll leave that to history," adding in a loud aside, "And I'll write the history." But Churchill always called his accounts of contemporary events, not history, but a contribution to history. No man, he knew, can be a spectator




of himself, or be permitted to be a judge in his own cause. Churchill had, moreover, devoted much thought to that ancient conundrum—who will judge the judges?—in its application to the high court of history. Many things, he knew, turn out well or ill not because of intelligent forethought—or its absence—but because of chance. It is always easy, after the fact, to attribute wisdom to success, and folly to failure. It is always hard to see success or failure emerging from their true causes, in which wisdom and folly often play roles entirely different from those which seem so evident in the afterlight. "Documents written at the time and before the event are the only foundation upon which the judgment of history can be erected. They alone reveal the perplexities of the situation at the moment. They alone show how far it was understood. By their aid we can recall the light which then played over the immense battlefield with partial fleeting gleams. We can revive again and try to gauge the pressure under which the men responsible lived, and from which action emerged. We can not only discern the points where judgment was right or wrong, but whether such judgment, right or wrong, was reasonable or even inevitable at the time and with the knowledge of the time." So wrote Churchill in 1923, in the preface to the second volume of *The World Crisis*. Gilbert is his own man in giving his account here of events recorded earlier by his subject. But he does so in the presence of powerful admonitions.

IN 1923 Churchill thought that the events of the year 1915 had been, and would thereafter prove to be, the most fateful of the twentieth century. At the outset of that year it was still possible, he thought, to contain the conflict which had begun a year earlier. Statesmanship might yet have resolved the issues of the war so as to preserve the great progressive civilization of Europe and the European empires of the late Victorian era. The rising tides of radical modernity—of nationalism, democracy, and technology—might yet have been accommodated within a framework of older, but evolving, po-

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litical structures. In the event, the terrible bloodletting of 1916, 1917, and 1918 led to the collapse of the Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian empires and the fall of the Russian and German monarchies, and to an exhaustion of victors and vanquished alike that ushered in an era of political and economic instability, of totalitarianism and revolutionary change.

If 1915 was a year of disaster for civilization, so also was it a year of disaster for Churchill. Although no one could have foreseen it, it was the beginning of the end for the Liberal regime which had governed England since 1906 and for the prime minister who had held office through hitherto unparalleled difficulties since 1908. The cabinet which included Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Lloyd George, Kitchener, and Churchill might possibly have been the most talented assemblage to have governed a great nation in the modern world. Still, it was an assemblage ill qualified to direct a great war. The multiplicity of its talents and the power of its personalities left it a committee, at best artfully managed. But the war required decision rather than management, and that Asquith could not give. Although Asquith's judgment nearly always supported Churchill, he would not act, or act consistently, in support of that judgment. In the end, he gave Churchill up to his critics—Churchill as a turncoat Tory was the sacrifice for which the Tory Party hungered—and what was perhaps worst, Asquith refused Churchill the explanation to the public of what had really happened.

"What about the Dardanelles?" was a cry to follow Churchill for nearly a generation. Yet Churchill did not originate the Dardanelles strategy (which made its first appearance in a cabinet memorandum by Colonel Hankey), nor was he its early proponent. He always preferred, as an alternative, the invasion of the island of Borkum off the German coast in the North Sea. This was a strategy for neutralizing—or destroying—the German High Seas Fleet, preparatory to an invasion of the German heartland behind the lines of the existing western front, from a point less than one hundred miles from Berlin. For the War Council were entirely agreed on the necessity, at the end of 1914, of finding some new initiative in the war. The western front then presented a continuous set of fortified lines, more than three hundred miles long, from the North Sea (near the Channel) to the Swiss frontier. These lines were an intricate set of manned trenches, protected by barbed wire and by minefields, whose approaches could be swept by machine guns. Neither the tank nor any other form of effective armor for the foot soldier then existed. Offensive tactics consisted of little more than sending waves of unarmored men against these positions, to be mowed down with almost unvarying precision.

"Battles are won by slaughter and maneuver," Churchill has written. "The greater the general, the more he contributes in maneuver, the less he demands in slaughter." But not all strategy is directed toward the battlefield. "The maneuver which brings an ally into the field is as serviceable as that which wins a great battle." At the end of 1914, all of the Balkan states except Serbia were neutral, as was Italy. The significance of the Dardanelles lay in the possibility that it would unite all of these by the lure of Turkish plunder. The rivalries among them were great,

but so were the temptations which the Entente could lay before them, if it could mount a successful operation in the eastern Mediterranean. Almost any plan of attack against Turkey had many of the elements that go into the making of a self-fulfilling prophecy. If any of the Balkan states—e.g., Greece—had joined the campaign, one after another of the other Balkan states would almost surely have joined. And a decisive move by any one of them would almost certainly have assured success. In fact, the Dardanelles campaign came very close to success on a dozen occasions even without any overt move of the neutrals to join the Entente. Of all the historic ironies, none is greater than that it was Russian imperial opposition to the possibility of a Greek army entering Constantinople—at a moment when Venizelos had just about overcome the Greek king's pro-German sentiments—that kept the Balkan dominoes from falling into place. The effective beginning of the Dardanelles was an urgent request by the Russians, early in January 1915, for relief from the pressure of Turkish armies upon them in the Caucasus. And among the glittering rewards promised was a reopening of the Russian Black Sea ports, giving Russia access to badly needed Western military supplies, and the West access to badly needed Russian grain.

The centerpiece of Gilbert's volume is a brilliant retelling of the tale of this great and tragic operation, as seen from the perspective of the British War Council. The main lines of policy were agreed to by all. But in the execution, there was a constant tug-of-war, with Kitchener, Secretary of State for War (but a field marshal, and Britain's most prestigious military figure), on the one side, and Fisher, First Sea Lord (and Britain's most famous sailor), on the other. And it fell to Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty—a brilliant young Liberal politician, but with no military or naval prestige at all—to find the *media via* between them. It was Kitchener who, first of all, called upon the navy to make some demonstration at the Dardanelles, as a gesture to relieve the Russians. Moreover, it was Kitchener who, as the reigning authority on the Middle East (his whole career had been spent there), assured the War Council that if a British fleet entered the Marmora and appeared before Constantinople, the shock would utterly disorganize the Turks. Churchill never believed in an unsupported naval attack if any combined operation were possible. But he had enough confidence in Kitchener's judgment that, when Kitchener declared that no troops were available, he went ahead with the plans for that attack "by ships alone." That is, he went ahead with it when a plan had been worked out, and declared feasible, by his professional naval advisers. But whenever it appeared that troops might become available, Churchill always pressed for the maximum military force to assist the navy—or to realize those fruits of the navy's success that could only be achieved by putting troops ashore.

The Dardanelles operation was agreed to at every stage by Fisher. Like Churchill, he preferred the attack on the northern flank of the Central Powers. Although the Borkum scheme had the advantage of permitting the British navy to remain wholly concentrated in the North Sea, it required



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# RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Dollar Barons* is an exposé of bankers, notably David Rockefeller, by Christopher Elias (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . *The Gospel According to the Harvard Business School* horrifies Peter Cohen. It seems the Cantabs stress the profit motive (Doubleday, $10). . . . An excerpt from George Gilder's *Sexual Suicide* appeared in *NR* (Quadrangle, $7.95).

■ DECEMBER TITLES: Three from Liveright: *Staying on Alone*, the post-Stein letters of Alice B. Toklas ($10); *Face to Face with Asia* by Pierre Mendes-France, wherein the architect of Dienbienphu reviews the putative blunders of everyone else ($8.95); and *City Notebook: A Reporter's Portrait of a Vanishing New York* by the best feature writer on the *New York Times*, McCandlish Phillips ($7.95). . . . *Notes on Life* is a collection of unpublished Dreiser (Alabama, $12).

■ LOOKING TOWARD JANUARY. Harper is heralding British professor David McLellan's *Karl Marx* as the first comprehensive biography since 1920 ($12.50). The same publisher offers the sixth and final volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs, *At the End of the Day* ($15). . . . Joseph B. Blotner's *Faulkner* comes boxed in two volumes and aims at being the standard life (Random, $25). The same publisher assembles Paul Goodman's *Collected Poems* ($12.50). . . . Tidbit from Michael Harrington's *Fragments of the Century* (Saturday Review Press, $7.95): When he realized that he, a Marxist, was Making It, he had a nervous breakdown. A *different* sort of Marxist.

Big promotion for *Jaws*, a novel by Peter Benchley, Bob's grandson and Nathaniel's son (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . Harry T. Moore revises his life of D. H. Lawrence in *The Priest of Love* (Farrar, $12.95). . . . Fawn M. Brodie seeks out the private *Thomas Jefferson* (Norton, $12.50). . . . Andrew Greeley's *Building Coalitions* is a political study (New Viewpoints, $10; paper, $3.95).

*Times*man Drew Middleton calls his memoirs *Where Has Last July Gone?* (Quadrangle, $8.95). . . . For parents, the year's most hopeful book: *Toilet Training in Less Than a Day* by Nathan H. Azrin and Richard M. Foxx (Trident, $4.95—and worth every penny of it). . . . Ladislas Farago subtitles *Aftermath* "The Story of the Fourth Reich" (Simon & Schuster, $10). For the same house, Reginald Pound does a biography of Prince Consort *Albert* ($10). . . . *NR* contributor Harold O. J. Brown's latest is *Between Eden and the Welfare State* (Zondervan, $2.95).

■ THE PRO AND CON OF EUTHANASIA: Marya Mannes says yes in *Last Rights* (Morrow, Jan., $5.95). A group of British Catholics says no in *Your Death Warrant?* (Arlington, Nov., $6.95).

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many times the number of troops ever contemplated at the Dardanelles. It was never a real possibility. But the first task of the British navy in World War I was always to maintain its unquestioned domination of the German High Seas Fleet. Upon this its control of Britain's lifelines—and everything else—depended. This meant maintaining at all times a battle fleet in the North Sea of absolutely assured superiority to that of the Germans. Neither Churchill nor Fisher forgot for a moment that Britain could lose everything in one short action, if the Grand Fleet ever lost its domination of the High Seas Fleet. With a single exception, the big ships used at the Dardanelles were predreadnought battleships, of no use whatever in a general fleet action, and most of them already destined for the scrap heap. Still, Churchill had again and again to reassure Fisher that nothing sent to the east weakened the Grand Fleet in its vigil. Moreover, the sending of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the newest and most powerful British warship, was Fisher's idea. Her guns had still to be tested, and he suggested testing them on the forts at the Dardanelles instead of on practice targets at sea. But the old guard at the Admiralty—whether prodding Fisher or prodded by him is not always clear—never ceased their nagging, as they would have nagged at any operation not designed purely to enhance the navy's own superiority. In the end, Fisher's irrational fears, his erratic and devious behavior, and his fantastic notion that if Churchill were driven from the Admiralty he would replace him, led the way to ruin.

WHAT the Grand Fleet was to Fisher, the western front was to Kitchener. In the case of the former, the reality was that its firepower was always overwhelmingly dominant. In the case of the latter, the reality was that defensive firepower—on both sides—was dominant. Not only was a German breakthrough unlikely, but it was unlikely that the small number of troops originally asked to go with the fleet to the east would make any difference in France. But Kitchener, who was convinced that an attack by ships alone on the Dardanelles would cause the collapse of European Turkey, would not (until too late) risk the 29th Division—the only regular army division in reserve in England—to assist the navy. Thus while Kitchener at the War Office kept calling for the navy to go it alone, Fisher at the Admiralty kept calling for troops.

The worst that can be said of Churchill is that he tried to make the best of a bad bargain. In fact, the bargain, or the series of bargains, was not too bad. It was the chopping and changing of the principals that ruined a basically sound strategy. The naval attack on March 18, 1915 was inconclusive. There is a great mass of evidence that, had the navy got through, many of the desired political results would have followed. But late in the day, three battleships—one French and two British—struck mines in a field that had not been charted, and sank. Although almost all the French crew was lost, virtually all the British sailors were saved. But an unforeseen technical problem had arisen. While the ships could dominate the forts, they could not find and silence a large number of concealed mobile batteries firing from the hills and brush nearer the water's edge. And these batteries, although not posing much danger to the warships, kept driving off the minesweepers. The minesweeping force of March 18 had consisted almost entirely of merchant fishing trawlers from the North Sea with civilian crews. And they would not do their work under fire. To return to the attack with destroyers fitted with mine bumpers was no great difficulty. The trawlers had fled without suffering any casualties at all. And the Admiralty knew from secret but certain sources, confirmed after the war, that the Turkish forts were desperately short of ammunition, and could hardly have kept firing another day. At the end of March 18 the British admiral commanding, de Robeck, fully expected to return to the attack. The losses had been well within the bounds anticipated. No new fact, then or soon thereafter, presented itself. But bit by bit, doubt and hesitation crept in. And every tremor of de Robeck's became a loud reverberation in Whitehall. Then, as the Admiralty wavered, troops were found, and as troops were found, all willpower to carry the



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fleet alone through the straits disappeared. When, six weeks later, the expeditionary force to invade the Gallipoli Peninsula was finally assembled, the Turkish positions, under an able German general, had been immeasurably strengthened. The soft underbelly had been case-hardened to the temper of Flanders steel.

PARTLY because Churchill became the political scapegoat of the Dardanelles, he has been, by and large, the historiographical scapegoat as well. Gilbert tells his story from the greatest array of sources yet brought to bear upon this episode. Still, elements of the older historiography creep into his judgments, perhaps unawares. At the end of a chapter entitled, "The Search for Men," he writes:

> Churchill had helped to add to the War Council's self-deception by his earlier willingness to make the operation purely naval; he now believed that ships alone would be inadequate, and that the more troops that could be found, the greater the chance there would be of victory. But he so believed in the need for victory that he was prepared to go ahead with the plans for the entirely naval attack. However much he continued to argue that these plans might fail, by agreeing to go ahead with them, he made himself responsible for the very disaster that he forecast.

In a fine dissertation, recently completed, Professor Jeffrey Wallin of Arkansas State University has pointed to the startling inconsistency of these judgments with the actual material of Gilbert's narrative. In the first place, there was no disaster. Gilbert himself later acknowledges that there was no "massive naval disaster." The British navy had suffered exactly 73 casualties, killed and wounded, on the 18th, and two old ships that had been destined for scrap were lost. Gilbert also later admits that there had been no "conclusive sign that a naval victory was impossible." But in truth, there was no sign at all. De Robeck never pointed to a single reason for not attacking *after* the 18th, that would not have been a reason for not attacking *before* the 18th. There simply were no new facts, just a failure of nerve.

Churchill's reputation in later years also suffered from the military disasters—the genuine disasters—that took place upon the Peninsula. But as Gilbert points out, for these operations he never had any direct responsibility. The failures there were mainly failures in the command structure, over which Kitchener alone had absolute control. As long as he was a member of the War Council, Churchill gave the expedition all the political support he could. And he never ceased to believe that, if it had had a fraction of the concentrated support that went into the vain—and vastly more costly—offensives on the Somme, it too might have succeeded. As we have noted, it came within a hairsbreadth of success a number of times. Perhaps the last words on the Dardanelles remain those of John Masefield's poem, which Churchill himself used as an epigraph to his own account.

> *Even so was wisdom proven blind,*
> *So Courage failed, so strength was chained,*
> *Even so the gods, whose seeing mind*
> *Is not as ours, ordained.*

Yet this may not be altogether the last word. Thirty years later, a far greater amphibious expedition than that at Gallipoli landed upon the beaches of Normandy. Churchill's and Fisher's "Borkum plan" finally had its chance. Few of Lord Kitchener's mistakes would not have been repeated, had the American chiefs been permitted to make this attempt in 1942 or 1943, as they wished. But Churchill, now with an authority greater than K's had been, never forgot a single mistake that had been made in 1915. The perfection of all the elements of the attack—including the element of tactical surprise—before the first step was taken assured a masterstroke in the art of war. □

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*Implementation*
*By Jeffrey L. Pressman and Aaron B. Wildavsky*
*University of California, 182 pp., $7.50*

## TAX MONEY WAS FOR BURNING

### J. BERNARD BURNHAM

Case histories of bureaucratic failure are generally far more instructive than histories of success. But since bureaucrats and their politician superiors defend the files of failure with the zeal of crown jewel guardians, we rarely see how the visions of yesterday's press releases are transformed into the molehills of today. This book is a rare glimpse into that process.

*Oakland, California, late 1965.* Widespread fears of "urban unrest" sweep the country and Oakland is considered a potential powderkeg. Enter an ambitious Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Eugene Foley, heading a heretofore rural-oriented public works agency, the Economic Development Administration. Foley has $300 million burning a hole in his pocket (which must be obligated before the fiscal year is over), an urge to "do something," and a cadre of young, idealistic administrators. He thinks that providing jobs for minorities is the way to defuse an apparently explosive urban situation. No matter that his agency's charter and experience provide little authority for taking on the task. The ghetto's where the action is, and Foley means to get his share.

*April 1966.* Foley announces that EDA will offer over $23 million in grants and loans to Oakland for a series of projects designed to create more than 2,200 jobs.

*October 1968.* EDA can point to ten new jobs as a result of its public works program; the two principal projects—a marine terminal and an aircraft hangar—are not even under construction. The prime movers behind the April 1966 announcement, Foley and former *N.Y. Times* Vice President Amory Bradford, have long since departed the scene (the latter to write a book, *Oakland's Not for Burning*, which suggests that the city had been saved from ruin by $23 million in federal monies).

*December 1970.* More than four years after the original announcement, roughly $13 million of the promised $23 million for public works has been disbursed. EDA, by dint of stretching definitions to the breaking point, decides it has "created" 1,500 new jobs. Final plans for the aircraft hangar have not yet been drawn up.

There are innumerable ways to profit from this fully documented yet highly readable tale of earnest but relatively unsuccessful ways of spending the taxpayers' money. Pressman and Wildavsky, with their professional interest in political science and public administration, believe their case history demonstrates the importance of focusing on "implementing" problems before the policy decisions are made and the press



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releases go out. In addition, they destroy the formal rationale of Foley's programs: If the objective of the $23 million was to increase minority employment, capital-intensive public works were about the worst possible way to achieve that goal.

IT WOULD have been helpful if Pressman and Wildavsky had gone one step further in their analysis. They could have noted that the primary beneficiaries of the Oakland project were probably middle-class civil servants earning between $11,000 and $20,000 a year. In addition, Congress was able to believe it was helping solve problems by voting funds, Bradford got his book, and for a while Foley had the admiration of "do something" liberals. While the reluctance of the authors to emphasize these things is understandable (to do so would forever put out of their reach more of those precious files), it must be said that they make it easy for the reader to take that step unaided. □

# FICTION

*Jason & Medeia*
*By John Gardner*
*Knopf, 354 pp., $7.95*

## ACADEMIC LITERARY GROOVES

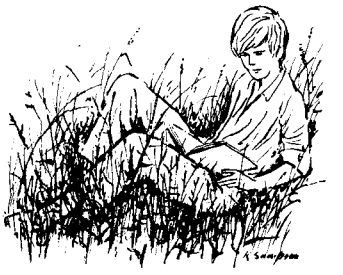
DON CRINKLAW

One current phenomenon that hasn't been sufficiently examined is the rash of fiction by academics, or rather, academic fiction. John Barth, Alan Lelchuk, and William Gass, along with John Gardner, come to mind, and their

fictions share certain characteristics. Nearly all of them are to be found in Gardner's *Jason & Medeia.*

*Reliance upon earlier writers' plots, characters, and narrative techniques.* Gardner has stitched together, I believe for the first time, all the scattered episodes in the mythic career of the Greek hero Jason. The story is told in blank verse hexameter lines that occasionally roll sonorously and often don't; much of the book resembles those translations of Homer that make the old poet read like a long-winded novelist: "We slept, Peleus on watch, by my order, lest Phrixos' sons evade the promised discussion and leave us marooned. At dawn . . ."

The story begins in Corinth where Jason, older, fatter, and with his heroics behind him, is living with Medeia and their two children. He wants to be rid of her. She's a dangerous woman, a barbarian from Asia with scary magical powers, and unpredictable: "She reasons with her chest," he says contemptuously, "the roots of her hair."



And Jason wants to be king, so that he may recover the birthright his evil uncle Pelias cheated him of. He wishes also to fulfill his vision of "a state well governed, where no man tromps on another man's heel,/ the oppressed are aided, the orphan and the widow win justice in the courts."

ACCORDINGLY, he seeks to rule Corinth through marriage to King Creon's daughter. The king mounts a banquet for all the girl's suitors and Jason regales everyone with his history, from his betrayal by his uncle to his voyage with the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece. Medeia fumes at home during the party, and her fever-dreams carry the legend forward: the capture of the fleece, the marriage to Jason, the murder of her brother and Jason's uncle, and their flight to Corinth. The author takes over to tell the rest: Medeia's deadly gifts to Jason's new wife, her slaughter of the children, and her magical escape on a chariot drawn by serpents.

Gardner has cribbed from the best sources. His account of the Argonauts' voyage is the later version by Apollonius of Rhodes, in which the original gang of shipboard desperados is replaced by such luminaries as Herakles (Hercules) and Orpheus. The account of the murder of Jason's uncle comes from Ovid, and the section detailing Medeia's revenge-murders reads like a good rewrite of the last half of Euripides' drama.

*Each of the characters represents, and is identified by, his rhetorical stance.* This is a partial answer to the question that comes to mind as the reader forges through Gardner's epic: Why did a professor of Old and Middle English at Southern Illinois University spend all that time rehashing and pasting together materials that masters have worked over?

Gardner has tried to make the myths serve as vehicles for arguments that intrigue him: Reason *v.* feeling, freedom *v.* the rule of law, idealism *v.* the demands of power politics. Thus as the characters interact they do a great deal of talking, and all points of view are covered. One man argues that a tranquil state must demand crushing conformity from its citizens. Another declares that nothing in the world matters but ecstasy. One fellow attacks Jason's story on epistemological grounds, claiming that any verbal ordering of experience is automatically a lie. And so on.

But it's Jason and Medeia who must carry most of the rhetorical freight, and Jason comes across here pretty much as he does in Euripides: a can-do executive. "I use what means I can to achieve my ends," he says, and his advisers tell him what he wants to hear: "Truth is whatever proves necessary." He stops his narrative long enough to make fun of Orpheus' pursuit of Eurydice into Hades, dismissing it as youthful folly. Had Orpheus been older he'd have "ordered a monument for her, or started a fund."

How much of this chilliness has its origins in Jason's own heart, and how much has been taught him by experience? In his attempts to reclaim his rightful throne and found the ideal state—and play out the destiny the bored gods thrust upon him—he's forced to lie and steal and murder people who meant him no harm. And to become a fraud: He didn't really harness those fire-breathing bulls or defeat the serpent guarding the Golden Fleece—Medeia used her magical powers to put the animals to sleep.

Medeia, of course, is his diametric



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opposite: warm-blooded and intuitive and perceiving no other demands upon her but loyalty to Jason. Up to a point: Rejection and banishment lead her to take terrible revenge; and it's interesting that Gardner's creations make the same final impression as Euripides': Jason is relentless, unsmiling, and unappealing and the murderess Medeia has our sympathy.

THIS account suggests another element common to academic fiction: *It's more fun to talk about than to read.* Gardner takes us through storms at sea, battles with strange beasts, all sorts of wild episodes, but they don't interest him much; he disposes of his epic materials in a hurry and gets back to the arguments. These vary from the tendentious to the obscure to the sophomoric: "The universe teems with potential forms, though only a few are illustrated (a cow, a barn, a startling sunset . . .). A writer can pretty well do as he pleases with his material, but after considering what men like Nikos Kazantzakis and Robert Graves have made of similar subjects, this is pretty pale stuff.

Other characteristics of academic fiction come to mind: *total disregard for the marketplace* and *little interest in the reader.* Universities offer writers freedom from commercial pressures, which sounds like a good idea; why, I wonder, do so many of them seem like boys playing with their toy railroads? Similarly, while concern for the reader can slide into pandering, treating him as beneath interest has its problems too. Readers usually return the compliment, for an understandable reason: To cope with such a book as *Jason & Medeia* one needs the uninterrupted leisure time of an eighteenth century country vicar. Or a teacher with a university sinecure. □

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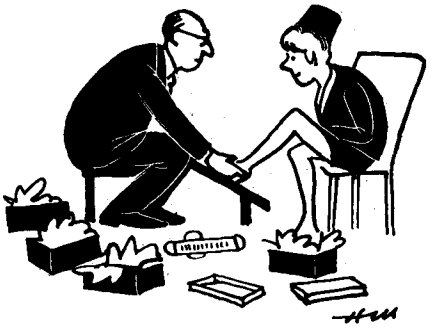
*Marihuana—Deceptive Weed*
*By Gabriel G. Nahas*
*Raven Press, 334 pp., $12.50*

## STRANGE BREW

### STEVEN BRAUTH

Gabriel Nahas might well have titled his new book "Marihuana—Inscrutable Weed," for as the work unfolds, the subtle and truly insidious qualities of the drug emerge to intrigue the reader like an oriental puzzle. Known for nearly 4,000 years, largely in China and India, cannabis has been used as a medicine, a sedative, an anesthetic, and as a powerful psychoactive substance renowned for its mystical aura. Generally banned today throughout the world, the countries with the greatest historical experience with this weed oppose its use most vigorously.

This may represent wisdom on their part, for Nahas' book presents disturbing facts. Today most serious people who favor legalization cite a variety of studies that seem to prove that marihuana is a mild intoxicant with no serious psychological or social consequences. Now evidence has accumulated that casts doubt upon this theory and upon the adequacy of the data used to justify it.



Nahas appeals to recent studies on casual and habitual users of marihuana. In these studies the tolerances of naive and experienced users were compared. The results indicate that not only do experienced smokers exhibit a marked tolerance for the drug, but that the metabolism of the drug in their bodies changes as a result of heavy use. The habitual smokers also have a tendency to associate the smell and taste of marihuana with the "high" it produces—a fact which explains the many erroneous claims that the long-term use of pot produces a "reverse tolerance." In fact, chronic users smoke more and more and show the same progressive insensitivity to increasing doses as users of so-called hard narcotics. Animal experiments show the same effects.

These findings are in direct contradiction to other studies and to the conventional wisdom. Part of the problem lies in measuring the concentration of psychoactive chemicals in a marihuana cigarette. This factor can be hard to control and Nahas presents convincing evidence that many of the older studies did not accurately assess the dose levels that were administered. Many experimenters reporting a mild effect may well have used cannabis preparations which were too weak to judge the real potency of the weed.

If marihuana is not a mild intoxicant, what is it? It certainly is not a narcotic like heroin or morphine. The tolerance for pot is definitely not a physiological addiction. Nevertheless, pot and hashish are not properly classed as social drugs like alcohol. In order to get at the facts Nahas presents an in-depth scholarly treatment of the botany, chemistry, pharmacology, toxicology, and clinical data relating to marihuana. Some of the most sophisticated techniques in biochemistry have been brought to bear on this problem.

In 1965 the active ingredient in marihuana—the agent that produces the "high"—was first isolated by two Israeli chemists. This compound is called delta-9-THC (tetrahydrocannabinol). It is a complex substance whose molecular structure resembles LSD and psilocybin. Direct intravenous injection of delta-9-THC produces the same effects as smoking or eating marihuana itself. As a result scientists have been able to do more carefully controlled experiments on the effects of different dosage levels.

THE RESULTS indicate that marihuana is most properly classed as a hallucinogen. As with LSD or mescaline, use of the drug produces hallucinations, sensory distortions, time distortions, and occasional psychotic episodes. Its effects are unpredictable. Waves of euphoria followed by paranoid episodes or feelings of depersonalization can wax and wane even with dose levels encountered in "social" settings. Increasing tolerance to the drug among experienced users also opens up the possibility that they may turn to more intensive psychoactive agents as time goes by.

As informative as it is, this book will not provide definitive answers to the burning questions. There is as yet no explanation for how delta-9-THC works on the brain. No evidence has as yet been found that the use of marihuana permanently injures the nervous or respiratory systems. It will probably take years before enough data is obtained from actual case studies to tell us what the long-term physiological and social effects of the drug are. Nevertheless we must formulate a policy in the meantime and set legal guidelines for the uses and availability of cannabis. In this sense Nahas' book at least provides a scholarly review of the historical, clinical, and scientific literature that has accumulated to date. □



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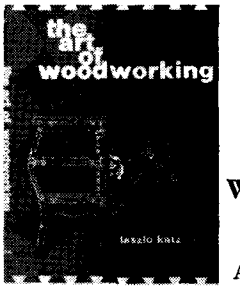
**BUCKLEY**

(Continued from page 1305)

deviating line. And you're back in time to *Wind in the Willows*. Two swans with their beautiful ugly ducklings edge up to see if there are by chance any bread crumbs handy (there are). Over there to the right nearly concealed in the rushes is a family of mallards, and marsh hen are feeding in a cow pasture, darting from grub to grub with little bursts of steps.

The Oxford Canal, one of England's oldest, follows in parts what *Nicolson* calls "an extravagantly indirect course" through the valley of the Cherwell. From Oxford we go through or pass by a string of towns you never heard of: Wolvercote, Thrupp and Kidlington, Heyford, Somerton, Cropredy, Fenny Compton, Napton-on-the-Hill. In and around we glide, making great looping circles, jumping ashore from time to time to run ahead and pull up a movable lift bridge (be sure, says *Nicolson*, sternly, "that any road traffic is aware of your intention to open the bridge. Remember," more sternly still, "to close the bridge after you"). Once or twice we pass under a six-lane motorway. We can hear the hum of the heavy traffic a mile or more away but our immediate preoccupation is just ahead: that tiny stone Roman-arch bridge, 8 feet wide and 8 feet high, which we must approach slowly and arrow straight ("If you hit the bridge sides when going slowly," advises the avuncular *Nicolson*, "it is not able to do much damage; it will merely strengthen your resolve to do better next time"). At times a bustling train chugs by us or a jet streaks overhead, but mostly the river and the rolling, gentle countryside, the small brick and stone villages, the friendly pubs seem to have been placed there for our exclusive enjoyment. We exchange greetings with other vacationers on the waterways and admire their dogs, wave at an occasional fisherman, buy our milk and eggs and butter, fruits and vegetables from people whose extravagantly flowered gardens run down to the canal. At Banbury, Doris buys hot cross buns such as no one outside of Banbury has ever tasted, and that afternoon Jane (of the crew) brings them to us, all toasty and hot with a crock of heavy Devonshire cream, carrying them with whatever dignity one is able to muster while walking along the narrow roof of a long boat, a well-appointed tea tray in hand.

Refreshments on the *Mabel* and *Forget Me Not* start early and come often. At 7:45 there's a knock at the door of each tiny cabin and in comes Jane with a brisk good morning and a mug of tea. This is followed by: breakfast (including, by special request of those odd Americans, peanut butter, both chunky and smooth), elevensies (coffee), twelvesies (the nearest pub), lunch, foursies (tea), sixies (cocktails), dinner, and ninesies, the pub, if there's one handy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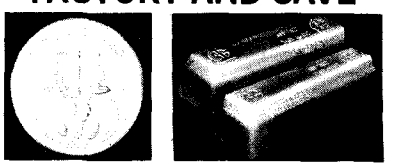

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### Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

GEORGE [S.] CANSDALE:
*[All the] Animals of the Bible*
*[Lands]*

The twentieth century has seen great changes resulting from the invention of artificial materials and their replacement of leather and wool for many purposes, but . . . no substitute for meat has yet . . . been found acceptable by most people, and milk with its . . . many derivatives is still a universal demand.



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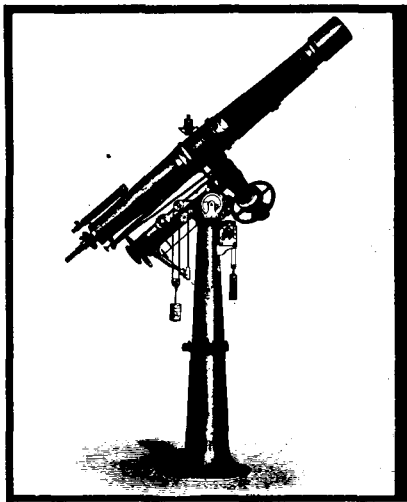
(George considers any pub within a brisk hour's walk handy). There is also an unscheduled twosies, the afternoon nap that George and Jane take openly and honestly down in their cabins and Jim, Ann, Jodie, and Priscilla take sneakily (they *say* they're reading) on the sun-speckled roof of the *Forget Me Not*.

Last day. The Oxford Canal has now joined the Grand Union, which is a better organized canal altogether, and at Braunston we slip slowly into a tunnel two thousand feet long, narrow and dark. About a third and two-thirds of the way through, holes have been driven up through the hillside opening up to the sky. As we move slowly, ghostily ahead with only the light of a small searchlight to guide Tony at the helm of the *Mabel* and the cabin lights of the *Forget Me Not* to give Jane, another seventy feet back, a pale yellow flicker by which to gauge her distance from the black tunnel wall, we watch anxiously for those brief glimpses of a nonsubterranean world. No one speaks much; when we do it's in a whisper. There ahead is a speck of light, another narrow boat coming our way. We pass silently with only inches to spare. And we are lucky. We have our motor, and our searchlight. When the Grand Union was a working canal and coal barges such as *Mabel* and *FMN* streamed up and down heavily laden, the tow horses would be led over the top of the tunnel and men, leggers they were called, would "leg" the boats through.

Now it's time to leave. The mounds of luggage (some had packed as if to accompany Admiral Byrd to the South Pole) have been piled ashore at Long Buckby Wharf. The chauffeur-driven Daimler that has come to fetch us has cautiously backed down to the towpath from the road to our last mooring. And it's goodbye. Jane, shy and proper, has said gruffly that she much enjoyed her last week. The irrepressible Jennie ("not clotted with inhibitions" is the way Tony once described her), whose laughter and giggles and quick smiles and other endowments have brightened our days, laughs and smiles and giggles and pats us on the back. It's goodbye Doris, and thanks, and a handshake for Tony who warns us, as we pile into the car, against going too fast right away, "might get the bends you know," and wanders off with a murmured hope that he can get "this new lot [the eleven passengers who will be coming aboard this afternoon] to develop a taste for peanut butter." □

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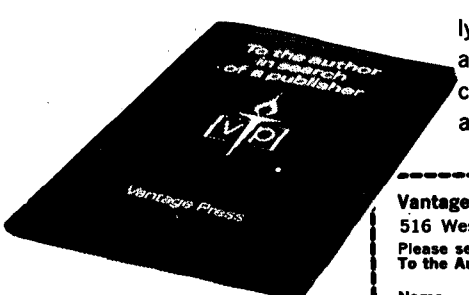


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# The Vindication of Detente?

On The Right

*New York*, Nov. 4—Poor Mr. Nixon is entitled to such satisfaction as he deserves, and the other day at the press conference he was visibly buoyed by the "success" of his negotiations with the Soviet Union. By the vindication of detente. If it had not been—the President said in effect—for my painstaking approaches to the Soviet Union over the past year and a half, who knows what would have happened: a confrontation between American and Russian troops in the Mideast certainly, and, beyond that, perhaps even the dread world war. Presidents who avoid world wars are certainly entitled to public gratitude, roughly in proportion as their ingenuity was responsible for avoiding that war.

I do not wish (here) to disparage Mr. Nixon's maneuverings of last week, merely to ask whether one should leap —as Mr. Nixon would have us do—to the conclusion that detente was the cornerstone of last week's success.

Surely it is reasonable to suppose that the Soviet Union does not desire a world war. At least not for so long as a world war would mean the destruction of the Soviet Union. I cannot imagine a Soviet leader disdaining to pick up the hot line to discuss a looming emergency with the President of the United States, on the grounds that said President had not a) recently traveled to Russia, b) recently offered American wheat for sale, or c) recently agreed to another round of relative U.S. disarmament.

We have faced crises with the Soviet Union before, and at times when the cold war was at its coldest. President Eisenhower landed American troops in Lebanon. A year or two later Khrushchev announced his intention of taking Berlin, and President Eisenhower announced his intention of hanging on to Berlin. Meanwhile, the leaders of the People's Republic of China announced their unswerving determination to seize the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. President Eisenhower ordered the Seventh Fleet to patrol the relevant strait, and, as we all know, Quemoy and Matsu are still there. President Kennedy ordered Khrushchev to take his missiles out of Cuba and stuff them back into the socialist motherland, and Khrushchev did so.

It would not have been pleasing, for aesthetic reasons, if Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy had, after these various crises, called press conferences at which they had said: If it had not been for the tough line taken with the Soviet Union, we'd have stood to lose in the offshore islands . . . in Berlin . . . in Cuba.

Mr. Nixon's contention that the Mideast ceasefire is a bloom of detente is preposterous. It is a pity that the reporters in the room were so anxious to turn the press conference into an examination of Watergate that no one asked the primary question, namely: Why did we come close to a confrontation with the Soviet Union?

Detente started formally in May of 1972, and here we were, October of 1973, and the Soviet Union a) provisions a war in the Mideast, b) threatens to intervene with Soviet military forces, and c) (this is the report from one news magazine) threatens physically to destroy the State of Israel, to whose independence the United States is formally pledged.

Now it does not surprise one that the Soviet Union was kept from carrying out its threats—we still have an army, and a navy, and an air force. What is surprising, for those who believe in detente, is that the Soviet Union is still making threats. The idea of detente is to stop making threats, to stop relying on force. Where has the Soviet Union shown a disposition to stop relying on force? Certainly not in its internal policies, where force is the routine weapon routinely used against dissenters. Certainly not in its vast empire of satellites, where force is the glue that sticks it all together. Far from vindicating the policy of detente, the events of last week proved that the Soviet Union is continuing to opportunize in behalf of its old imperialistic policies. It is, in a word, more of the same.

The next question to ask the President is: If we project the relative decrease in our military strength over the next five or six years, can you assure us that we would be in a position to stop the Soviet Union in such a crisis?

And if not, what force is Israel going to rely upon, in her next war, to contain a Soviet-backed effort to destroy her?

Surely the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should, at this point, call in representatives of the chiefs of staff, and ask them the question: If the Soviet Union had called our bluff, what would we have done about it? It may be that as the situation gets hotter, President Nixon gets cooler. But all the while, the United States gets weaker. □

**COMMUNIST MACHINATIONS** *New York*, Nov. 5—I do not know the background of the Reverend Paul Mayer, but I rejoice in him. He is truly the man who remarked that the emperor had no clothes, and his fate threatens to be the fate of those who tell the truth in a truth-denying world. Imagine, in Moscow, addressing a chamber full of delegates to a Communist enterprise—the World Peace Congress—and giving a speech, in behalf of seven (out of 150) Americans, complaining of the absence of freedom in the Soviet Union! This Father Mayer did, and he wasn't a CIA plant. He said some silly things about the United States, to make plausible his presence in Moscow at the World Peace Congress in the first place. He said, "We say first to these, our Russian friends with whom we may have disagreements, that it is only the curtain of silence maintained by your government and by our own which prevents you from knowing that there have for years been voices raised against Soviet actions in suppressing dissent." I don't know what he means by any curtain of silence maintained by the United States Government, unless he is referring to Senator Fulbright's periodic efforts to close down the Voice of America and ancillary operations that beam shards of truth into the Soviet Union. But you cannot expect an American in Moscow to blast the Soviet Union without also blasting the United States. A matter of form.



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The result was to be expected. The overwhelming majority of those attending the Communist Congress are not there because they favor peace, let alone civil liberties, but because they beat the Communist drum in their own countries. Father Mayer was joined in his protest against Soviet repression by some big-name American left activists, including David Dellinger, Father Berrigan, and Noam Chomsky. But there were only seven of them.

There was hell to pay. First the chairman of the meeting attempted to interrupt Father Mayer, as if to say: Not only does the Soviet Union repress dissent in the recesses of Russia, but also in international congresses. Father Mayer simply went on talking. When he was through there was uproar. The next day, sensing the universal indignation at a call for freedom for Russians expressed within Russia, Father Mayer tendered his resignation and, by a vote of over two to one, it was accepted by the American delegation. A representative of that delegation put the matter exquisitely. "There's been an implicit understanding not to offend the hosts by bringing up awkward subjects." Human rights are, as everyone knows, an awkward subject within the Soviet Union. For them, human rights is merely something you talk about outside the Soviet Union—usually with indignation over others' shortcomings.

The Soviet propaganda machine does not let up, one notes in passing—not in its ersatz concern for world peace, in this case expressed before a world congress in Moscow one week after upsetting world peace in the Mideast. The long arm of Soviet policy concerns itself with Soviet interests everywhere. The Communist Party U.S.A. has taken out full-page ads supporting the Arab countries in the Mideast. Now normally one would expect that a Communist, surveying the Mideast situation, would reason along the lines of the economic imperative: i.e., reason that world diplomacy gravitates about Arab oil. But not in this case. The entire ad analyzing the Mideast crisis is crippled by paradoxes and involutions. We begin by denouncing the "annexation of Arab lands," as if the Communists had any objection to annexation of other people's lands. Then we deplore the "promotion of anti-Arab hysteria in the U.S. and with this a growth of racism." I have seen no such hysteria, nor experienced such racism. Then there is a passage absolutely inscrutable: "The danger to the people of Israel, as well as to the Arab peoples and the whole world, comes from those monopoly interests in Israel and the U.S. who think they can rob the Arab peoples of their oil." I do not know what this means. And, finally, together with an exclamation point, "Not a dollar or a drop of blood for the oil monopolies!" But the United States has been on the side that has been fighting the countries where the oil monopolies are. Figure it out.

Ads of this nature are not intended to communicate analysis, merely allegiances. It means that the Communist Party of the United States, which for generations has been the mischievous and perfidious instrument of Soviet policy, substantially supported by misguided American Jews taking instructions from the Soviet Union, has now turned against Jewish interests in Israel: and that is a turn of profound moment. I do not doubt that in the days ahead we shall see within the Communist Party U.S.A. Jewish defections: overdue, like the brave words of Father Mayer within the hornet's nest in Moscow. □

**WHEW!** *New York*, Oct. 30—Students of detente will study the events of last week for many years. Herewith a humble contribution.

1. For a while, the Arab military machine was working with great effect. The pressure exerted on Israel by the Syrians at the Golan Heights was very nearly crucial. Clearly the intention was to overwhelm the Heights and march on through to Haifa, cutting Israel in half. When Israel succeeded finally in repelling the Syrians, her attention was drawn to the invasion (if that is the right word for Egyptians swarming into Egyptian territory) in the south. At this point, United States aid was indispensable. Without it, the Israeli military would have no choice but to cloister its ravaged military machine for the defense of Israel proper. With it, the Israelis could deploy their reserves confident that they would be replaced by a massive United States airlift. The United States came through.

2. The Israelis' counterattack proved brilliantly but not conclusively successful. They succeeded in forcing their way back across the Suez Canal, and they were headed south to cut off communications lines that fed the Egyptian contingent to the east of the Canal when the ceasefire resolution was voted by the UN Security Council. That resolution was welcomed by the Soviet Union and the Arabs for obvious reasons. And the United States wanted it because it would clearly be harder to deal with the problem of a permanent peace if Israel's successes were inordinate, and because the U.S. support for Israel had already proved damaging in our dealings with the Arab governments and with Western European nations threatened by the Arabs' oil diplomacy. Accordingly we put pressure on the Israelis to cease fire.

3. Not enough pressure. Because after a short respite, the Israelis, examining the prospective advantages of marching on and consummating their victory, began to do so. It was at this point that the Russians saw the clear threat to their own interests. They could not tolerate a total Israeli success and all that this would mean in terms of an Arab sense of betrayal in the grander theater of operations, where the principal players are the United States and the Soviet Union. Accordingly, the Soviets wrote brusquely to Henry Kissinger (we have Senator Jackson's word as regards the tone of that communication), and by way of background accompaniment mobilized a few airborne units, and announced that if the United States did not care to join the Soviet Union in a common enforcement of the ceasefire, why the Soviet Union would do the job by herself.

This move scared the living bejesus out of the United States, which as we all know ordered a general military alert, and the sum total of these intricately balanced events was (and this is conjecture) to cause the United States to put irresistible pressure on Israel to STOP THIS MINUTE.

4. Certain kinds of pressure Israel does understand, and in a matter of hours she complied: leaving a Soviet diplomatic corps visibly pleased with the success of its maneuver, and the United States exhausted by the strains of the engagement. The most obvious strain was of course the possibility of a direct military confrontation with the Soviet Union. The strategic strain is to the policy of detente, to which our government clings with near superstitious fidelity. One wishes there were an Archie Cox in the State Department who could do to detente what was done to the Nixon Tape Doctrine. All of which reminds one,

5. That the military strength of the United States, so casual a concern of Congress, was the underpinning of whatever success we had. Reminds one that the relative improvement of the Arab military over the Israeli military in the years since 1967 is at least reflected in the relative strength of the Soviet Union over the United States in the Mediterranean. One hopes that President Nixon, in addressing Congress, will be orderly and direct in describing what he could and couldn't do, because of the impoverishment of our military. That is the unsung scandal of the season. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. What Thomas Paine was — 1 34 61 156 165 177 194 230 32 46 / 66

B. A harbor in Crete (*Acts* 27) — 150 169 192 18 21 207 45 51 136 220

C. The longest stream in western Asia — 155 9 53 79 152 128 133 188 217 3 / 59 101 123 159

D. Place in Asia Minor where Paul and Barnabas carried on missionary work — 178 38 67 107 10 17 28

E. Part of a potato prepared for eating — 183 111 57 14 201 206 176 193 2

F. A backward game — 225 11 121 144

G. "Thou shalt not abhor an _____." (*Deuteronomy* 23:7) — 22 222 29 119 191 13 172 181

H. A habitual criminal — 37 48 124 142 81 180 208 221 163 164

I. Author of boys' books (1832-1899) — 44 140 113 90 120

J. Capital of Assyria — 50 116 223 94 179 131 154

K. To ornament with wavy patterns or with inlaid work of precious metals — 58 228 5 215 167 24 200 118 212

L. Jesus Christ's route to Golgotha — 73 106 135 7 27 33 39 63 117 126 / 160

M. An adversary — 97 195 65 184 229 209 26 153

N. Distance between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem (fol. *A*) — 92 4 35 47 76 115 130 141 158 232 / 149 122 151 203 214 98 23 87

O. The political scandal of the 1920's — 129 49 80 198 104 20 205 36 147 196

P. Lake in South Australia — 134 146 75 226 168 186

Q. Character in *Book of Job* — 166 199 6 31 69

R. A red or white table wine — 210 40 127 108 138 91 68 77

S. Progressed by small degrees — 216 95 70 157 84 99

T. Excelled — 8 100 71 30 218 85 211 42

U. A card game an Englishman might play — 41 25 60 56 62 83 88 110 139 171 / 182 189

V. Showing publicly — 64 52 43 72 137 224 19 109 170 15

W. Breed of cattle of Spanish derivation — 103 161 190 86 187 175 132 213

X. A dull persistent pain — 114 227 16 74

Y. The top of the world — 143 197 173 145 162 93 202 231 102

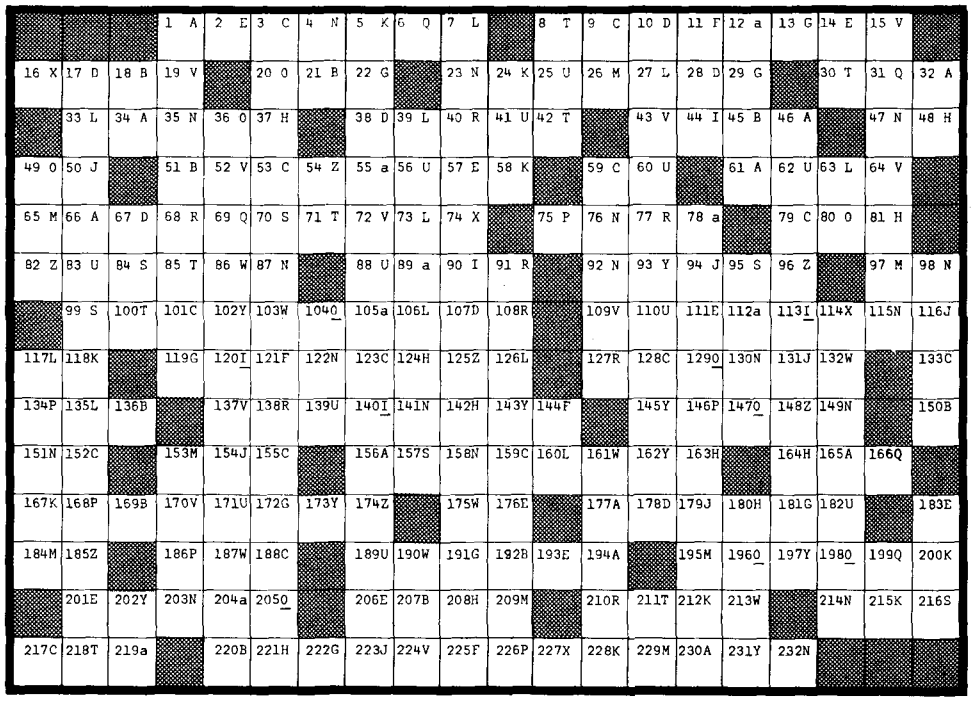
Z. Compiler of *Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* — 174 54 148 185 82 96 125

a. Magnificent — 78 105 204 89 55 219 112 12

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1314 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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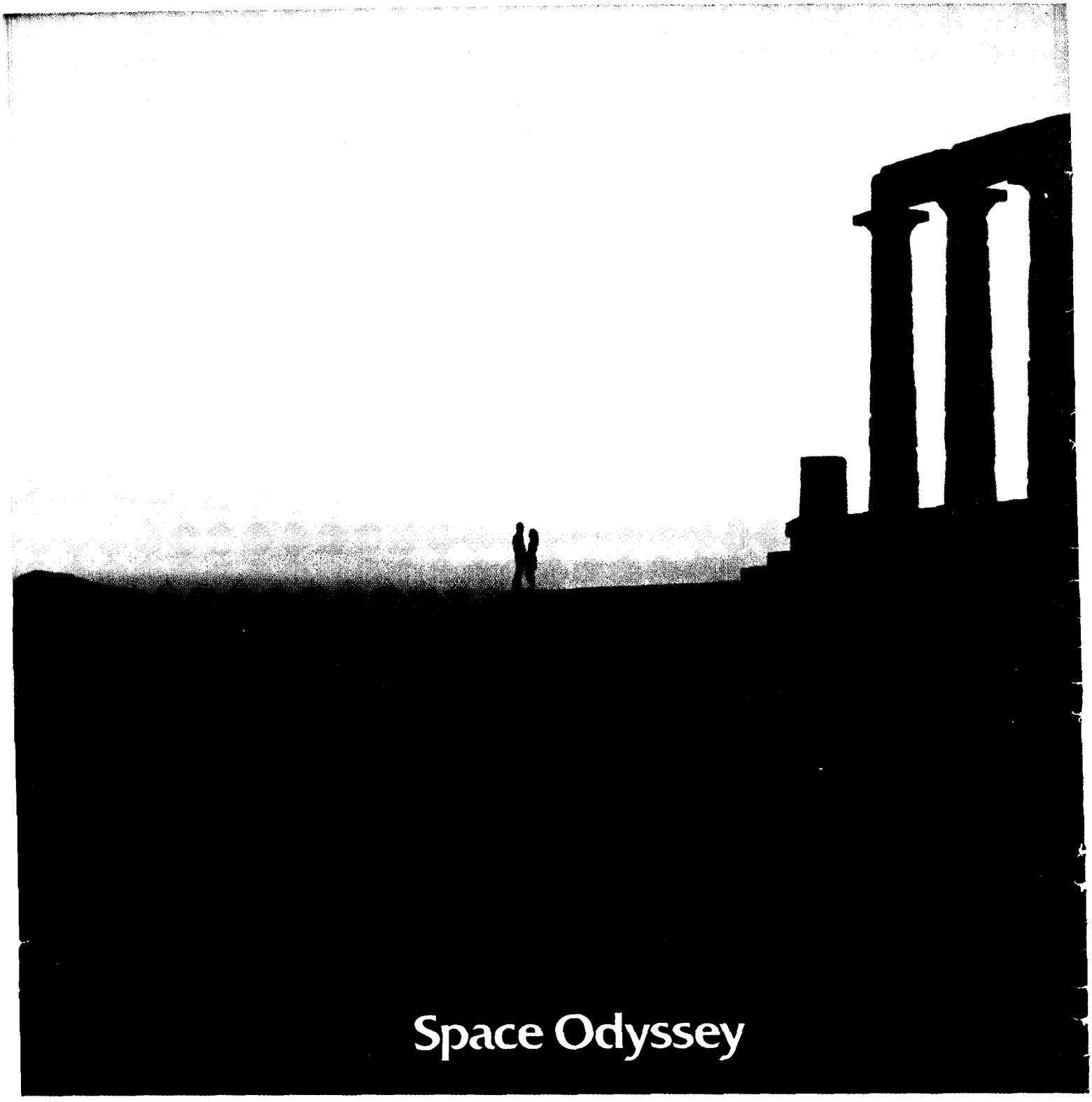

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